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THE SPHERE, DECEMBER 16, 1939
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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLIX No. 2082 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC DECEMBER 16 1939

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THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, December 16, 1939

THE KING'S VISIT TO HIS ARMY IN FRANCE

His Majesty Talks with Major-General Sir Alan Brooke during an Inspection

One of the most strenuous days during the King's visit to the British Forces in France occurred at the mid-week. Leaving his chateau headquarters immediately after a 7.30 a.m. breakfast of porridge and bacon and eggs, His Majesty travelled in a line of cars containing members of the Staff, with General Viscount Gort, Commander-in-Chief of the B.E.F., and the Duke of Gloucester, and drove along a main road to two points where long lines of troops had been drawn up for inspection. The King, who was received by Major-General Sir Alan Brooke, walked along the pavé road between the lines of men. He shook hands with and spoke to a number of officers. A mist clung to the ground but the weather was more favourable than that of the preceding day. His Majesty wore a "British warm" over his uniform, and his laced trench boots proved very useful during the walks through muddy fields to various points of inspection

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

LONDON STROLLS IN THE PARK DURING A BRIGHT DECEMBER MORNING

The flashing sun, low in the heavens, made people blink as they walked along the familiar Row, where everything was as usual, but for the lessened number of riders

A War News

"FINLAND YEAR BOOK 1939–40."

—The same day which brought news of Russia's barbarous assault on Finland brought me by post from Helsinki the *Finland Year Book for 1939–40*. It is a beautiful production, superbly illustrated; a notable achievement in the arts of peace; a proof (if such were needed) of Finland's innocence and hope and prime desire to develop her culture and resources with goodwill to all and enmity towards none, in co-operation with her neighbours. Reading it has brought the tragedy which has fallen upon her more vividly and poignantly home to me. There are admirably clear summaries of this great little country's activities and progress in education, art, literature, trade, agriculture, forestry, local government. It is a history of the modern development of a healthy, happy, virtuous, peace-loving nation, contributing in an ideal way to the welfare of humanity and the development of sane and friendly relations among nations. I have read a great deal of it, and it is as tragic reading as the saddest story in literature. One sudden, desperate, despicable blow by barbarians, and the whole fabric of hard work and high ideals and patient, constructive planning has toppled over and all is to do again. One more innocent outraged, one more stronghold of decency threatened by

A QUAINT VIGNETTE IN THE PARK ON SUNDAY

In the old days it would have been difficult to find a scene in any way approaching this one, but twentieth-century war conditions have made the situation quite possible, nay normal

32–34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4
Wednesday, December 13, 1939

EFFECT OF THE BLOCKADE.—While we must not yet, nor for a long time, discount or underrate the tremendous power of the forces ranged against us, especially while we still are unable to be certain what those forces may ultimately be, yet it is not mere wishful thinking to express the modest belief that our efforts and our enemies' errors in diplomacy and policy have set Hitler scratching his head as he never scratched that irritating block before. Our stranglehold on German trade is unquestionably documented in convincing manner in every great industrial city in the Reich. We must not throw up our hats in the belief that Göring has thrown up the sponge, as the *Herald* would have us do, but Helferrick's article in Göring's paper was truly an industrialist's heart-cry and tells of idle German shipping all the world over, shipping sunk or captured, and vast quantities of goods lying in docks waiting for export and waiting in vain. "We must export or die"—that was and still must be Hitler's slogan, and he is *not* exporting. The Allied navies are paying a price for this vital factor in victory, but, grievous as it is, it is a fair price and a by no means dangerous percentage of loss. The neutrals are much more severely hit. It is early days yet; the intensified blockade is but a few days old. If German industry sees to-day, so black and menacing, the shadow of what's to come, it is reasonable to suppose that sharp dissension on policy is splitting the Nazi camp and that, with winter on the way, the effect of our blockade may chill some of the exuberant faith in the Leader and the future of the Reich that still is found in a bulk of the German nation.

THE RUSSIAN GAMBLE.—Ribbentrop, too, must be scratching his head. His survival so long as this as Hitler's trusted adviser on foreign policy is, I believe, in part due to one of those personal elements which so often have decided the fate of peoples. He was the first (so called) aristocrat (in Hitler's days of humility and comparative obscurity as he rose to power) to receive the "new man" with pomp and flattery. Hitler was immensely pleased, and grateful, too, and his gratitude has survived as long as this. And though I still believe that Ribbentrop's Russian bargain contained clauses, still unsatisfied, which were to be of tremendous material benefit to Germany, Hitler must know already that the Russian bargain was a major disaster for the Reich. Stalin, as I see it, was to mop up, without bloodshed, the little countries of the Baltic and the Middle East while Hitler pegged down the Allies in the West, whether they would fight or not. Soon a peace would be patched up and then the brigands would equitably share out the spoil and divide the map squares between them. And how has the bargain panned out so far? Russia did her share according to plan in the northern section as far north as Estonia. But the Finland adventure, like the German adventure of revenge in western Poland, proved at once a harder nut. The animal proved *méchant*. It defended itself when attacked; and what remained neutral (or silent at least) of world opinion, became clamorous and furious against the two great enemies of peace. Not America only, but Italy, Japan, Spain, and the smaller nations of Scandinavia and the Balkans found their tongues at last and set their teeth. The adventure has brought already to the Reich the most terrible of all forms of encirclement, the encirclement of hate in a mainly economic and propaganda war. The war of arms is still to be fought, with its terrible implications of suffering and imbecile losses. But the war of politics and economics is well into its stride and has cost Hitler shattering defeats. We may tell ourselves without wishful thinking this at least—a hundred days of war, fought chiefly with economic and political weapons, has shown that the Allies' weapons are infinitely superior, that the Allies have made fewer mistakes, that honesty pays, not in the end but all the time, and that we have reached in four months of war the point in our economic warfare which we hardly attained in three years of the last war. The worst may be to come, the war may last long, but the back of the economic job is cracked, if not broken.

TWO CURSES OF HUMANITY.—One day, perhaps, historians of the future (far future?) will write of our dead civilisation, as in our day scholars have written of ancient Egypt, of China, of Byzantium, of Greece, and of Rome. It may be they will trace the first clear signs of its decline—the first real danger signals—to the last decade of the nineteenth and the first of the twentieth century, those decades when experiments with the internal combustion engine and with wireless telephony developed to practical efficiency. Looking back on the history of the last few years, we can hardly fail to convict the internal combustion engine and the radio as Enemies No. 1 and 2 of civilised existence. They both possessed immense potential benefits for mankind. Both might have been employed preponderatingly for the benefit of humanity. Each claimed to be an immense force for the development of understanding and fellowship among nations and for the broadening of human life and interests, for the general welfare of mankind. And both began so well. But we were not ready for them. We could not digest them nor properly assimilate them. The evils of which they were capable gradually gained the upper hand. The immense benefits they could, and still do, confer in the saving and broadening of human lives have been entirely swamped by the evil uses to which human baseness found it could put them. Try to estimate how much of the present tragedy of human existence is due to the misuse of these great inventions, and you will be staggered by the truth and readily agree in the verdict. The radio has "brought Beethoven to every home"; "light, education, recreation and world-wide interests to starved and ignorant minds." "It has rescued thousands of human lives from the sea, brought criminals to justice . . ." And it has brought bitterness and hatred to men beyond our power to compute; the triumph of lies and slander and malice; enslavement of mind to whole nations; almost total inability any longer to distinguish good from bad or truth from falsehood. The radio has been the best friend of inhuman warfare, the worst enemy of chivalry and humanity. And what of the petrol engine? It enfranchised millions, opened new and beautiful and interesting fields to people in darkness. But almost instantly its uses were seen by the Great Powers for a submarine arm. And it has turned into a weapon of death by sea and land and air, such as figured in the dreams of no sadist a generation ago. Thanks to it, no child is safe, no monument of art or beauty is safe, no nation so remote geographically, so innocent politically, but is at the mercy of a strong aggressor who envies its freedom, its natural advantages, even its happiness and innocence. Is this charge exaggerated? How terrible and how true are these reflections and what ugly light they throw on human nature.

the forces of evil in sheer jealousy of human happiness and of the success which virtue and industry bring, one more insult to God. And still there are neutrals.

RUSSIA AND FINLAND.—It looks as if no event in this surprising war hitherto is likely to have such far-reaching effects on it as Russia's latest close imitation of Hitler's sickening technique of aggression. There is no doubt that in Germany itself decent elements in her army were horrified and disgusted and ashamed. The Nazis themselves, at the head of affairs, are desperately disturbed by the unforeseeable moves of the juggernaut they have let loose, and those of the nation who heaved a sigh of relief at the dispersal of the nightmare of encirclement are beginning to wonder if that encirclement is not now more real than in their worst dreams. The detestation of the crime expressed in America is nation-wide. It has had the result of proving Mr. Roosevelt's sustained and consistent foreign policy to the hilt. It is for American neutrality the nearest approach yet to a *Lusitania*. Japan has shown her disgust and redoubled her suspicion of Stalin's repeated denial of territorial claims. Italy has realised the full dangers that now lie ahead of the smaller Balkan nations and is more concerned from now onwards for a front against Communism than for the triumph of National Socialism against Democracy. The smaller nations of Europe are more outspoken in their condemnation than they

LETTER—No. XV

have dared to be hitherto concerning earlier outrages, and in spirit at last, if not yet in actuality, the world is ranged into two camps, the forces of right, justice, and humanity against the forces of evil, aggression, and brutality.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE REMEMBERS.—Still I believe Mr. Lloyd George's wonderful charm is potent even over his severest critics when they are face to face with him. The radio never was his medium, and to-day it is most unfavourable to his oratory. His wireless talk on the events of December 6, 1916, was pathetic hearing. He stumbled over his words (and I daresay the light was bad). But the words themselves were ill-chosen. There was too much ego in his cosmos. We were left with the impression that the Navy had thrown up the sponge and refused any longer to try to save Britain and that every other institution was practically palsied—and that most of them are so to-day. Mr. George saved England then and he alone could save her to-day. Mr. Lloyd George did great service in those days. History can remember that service without personal boosts; and unquestionably Mr. George's interventions in public life since 1922 have not enhanced a great reputation won during and before the Great War. If only men knew when to go into retirement. For public men, it is so important to keep up disappearances.

PRINCESS LOUISE.—In a sad passage in her diary heralding in the year 1879, Queen Victoria, after a reference to the recent death of her daughter, the Grand Duchess of Hesse, added "And my poor dear Loosy far away in a distant land, in another quarter of the globe." Lord Lorne was then Governor-General of Canada. Princess Louise was the great Queen's fourth daughter and married Lord Lorne when he was still private secretary to his father, the 8th Duke of Argyll. Seven years later they went to Canada, where Lord Lorne had a quiet period of office; he was liked by Canadians and took no action but on exact instructions from his advisers. Though not a man of strong personality, Lord Lorne's life and career were much less sacrificed to the Throne than those of others of the Queen's sons-in-law. In part that was due to Princess Louise whose political views were advanced and character strong. In art she was a talented amateur, in politics and social progress she took up many new and "revolutionary" causes, including the emancipation of women. She became the first citizen of the Royal Borough of Kensington. Lord Lorne was, it is true, not ambitious. His tastes were literary, he wrote memoirs and verse in his latter days. He died in 1914, never having held ministerial office. King George V in his youth, during his naval service abroad, twice came into contact with his aunt and uncle—on the North American station when he stayed at Ottawa with them, and in Malta where they wintered one year when he was with the Mediterranean Fleet. It is strange to remember that, while the whole of King George's generation is gone, three of his father's generation still vigorously survived up to Princess Louise's death, one third of the family. In longevity the force of heredity is everything.

THE CALLING UP OF THE TWENTY TO TWENTY-THREE CLASS BRINGS AN ADMIRABLE RESPONSE

On Saturday (December 9) all the men between the ages of twenty and twenty-three, except those who have already registered, appeared at the employment exchanges. Here is a long line of young men in process of being registered in Marylebone Road

THE KING IN FRANCE.—The King has successfully finished his first visit to the B.E.F., and it proved of immense value to the troops abroad at a rather dreary time, when the season, the natural reaction that follows an immense keying-up to adventure, and the long waiting for action, all alike called for relief and encouragement. Let us hope that he will not be called on to make as many journeys as was his father. King George V paid five most valuable war visits and in nearly every case the crossing was rough, the weather preponderatingly bad, and the roads and paths and trenches a sea of mud. Indeed, the late war killed dead one bad old libel—it always rains in England—and one curious misconception—that it is always sunshine in France. There is little to choose in the matter of weather between southern England and northern France.

HELL IS PAVED . . .—Most criminals start out with the best intentions; a majority of crimes can be traced back to a source not wholly poisoned, if a little muddy or obscured by muddled thinking. Some time, in some such sense as the following—for English-speaking writers have no monopoly of noble sentiments, nobly expressed—I like to think, and do indeed believe, that the gangsters of the thieves' kitchen brewed the ingredients of their witches' cauldron with noble sentiments and high ideals not entirely insincere.

HITLER:

The applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes. (Gray)

RIBBENTROP AND MOLOTOFF: Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other.

GOEBBELS: Here *lies* a truly honest man. (Crashaw)

STALIN: In giving freedom to the slave, we assure freedom to the free—honourable alike in what we give and what we preserve. (Abraham Lincoln).

BACK TO METHUSELAH.—The exigencies of war carry us back to Methuselah by regular stages—here a little, there a little. To-day we are shorn of our posts. Henceforth, the edict has gone forth, we are to have but one post a day. It arrives between 9.30 and 10.30 a.m., and there is no afternoon delivery. The morning post, delivered hitherto at 7.30 a.m., has been a mere sham, since the London mail, posted the afternoon before, has never been included in it since war came, so it is no great loss; but the loss of the afternoon delivery means that outlying householders must walk more than a mile sometimes to post the day's letters. As for the many men of business and war service who "daily bread" to London from the country, it means that they can never see their day's mail until 7 p.m.—12 hrs. in arrears. And that is, of course, a great inconvenience—and the war has not really started yet.

PRAYERS FOR FINLAND ARE OFFERED UP IN LONDON

At the Finnish Seamen's Church in Stepney a special service of intercession on behalf of Finland was held on Sunday. The congregation, many of whom wore national costume, were addressed by M. George Gripenberg, Finnish Minister, at the conclusion of the service

PRUSSIA, HATE AND WAR.—A correspondent sent me a copy of Professor Cramb's famous lectures delivered in 1913 when Lord Roberts was crying to Britain's deaf ears "To arms, to arms." It is a penetrating study of Prussia and of Treitschke and Bernardi by a man who immensely admired almost everything Prussian. And the conclusion he came to was gloomy. On the whole he believed that in the coming struggle (1914–18) the young nation would be unconquerable against the older civilisation of Britain and France which showed evident signs of decay (as Germany firmly believed). It was not so. France and Britain were not dead but sleeping. And now all is to do again and a vast amount of Cramb's wisdom about Prussia is as true to-day as then. I don't know if the book is in print, *Germany and England* by Professor Cramb (John Murray). If it is, I advise you to get it. For it is a clear exposition and will tell you more of the truth about Germany to-day than you will get from the Ministry of Information or the Army Intelligence Service. But I don't say it will cheer you all the time.

RAINFALL.—My gloomiest prophecies about the autumn rainfall are all fulfilled. They were made in early October, and in December I stand before you that unpleasant creature, a Jeremiah proved right. By the end of September, with its 1·07 ins. of rain, the year's total was 23·17 ins. I prophesied then that before the year ended we should reach or exceed 36 ins., which is our average fall at the Hants end of the Sussex Downs. October brought us the brimming cup of 5·32 ins. November laughed that record to scorn and has given us a fraction under 7 ins. ! ! 12·30 ins. in two months, and with December to come in we already have reached 35·43 ins. My sympathy goes out to farmers and gardeners who live on Weald clay.

THE OLD STAGER

a–b 2

HOW THE FINNS FIGHT

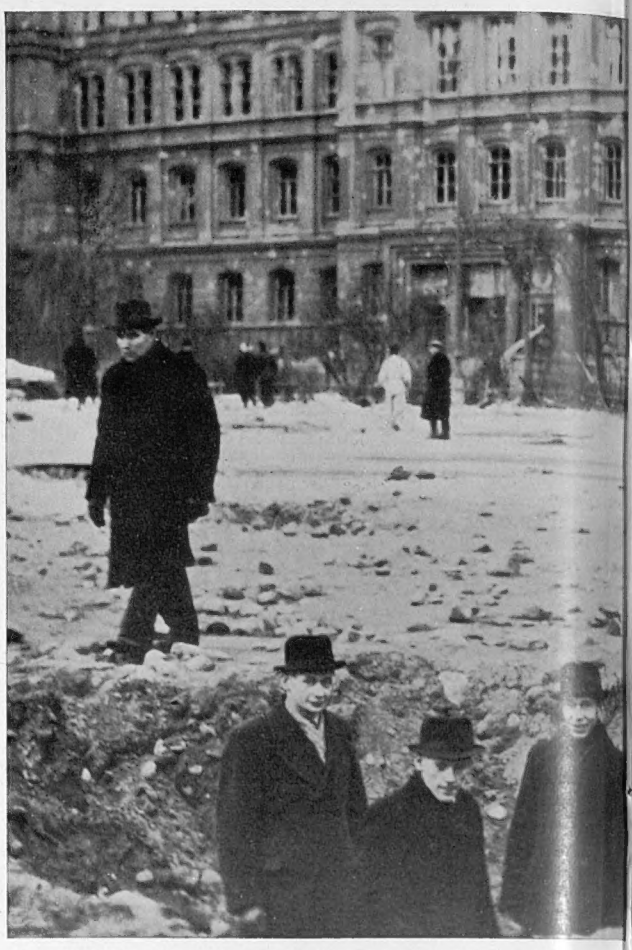
WHITE CAMOUFLAGE HAS BEEN HELPING THE FINNS

The Finns have been showing that they have prepared many devices for the outwitting of the enemy. In addition to the traps and mines in villages these ghostly figures flit from tree to tree, picking off the less clever Russian troops

THE EXPERT SKI-ING OF THE FINN IS STANDING HIM IN GOOD STEAD IN THE FIGHTING IN THE FOREST AREAS

Every winter the Finn has had the opportunity of keeping in training, so that it is not surprising that he has been able to outwit his Russian opponent on many occasions during the recent fighting. The Russian Command may have to draw special companies from their own northern lands to meet this skill

THE RUSSIAN BOMB



A CRATER IN A BIG SQUARE IN HELSINKI BEING INSPECTED THE MORNING AFTER A RAID

FIRE BREAKS OUT AFTER BOMB FALLS IN HELSINKI

On left—
A young mother and her little daughter leaving Helsinki

On right—
Inhabitants hurrying along a bombed street while the dust and smoke are still hanging in the air (a picture reproduced by courtesy of Paramount News Reel)

ING OF HELSINKI

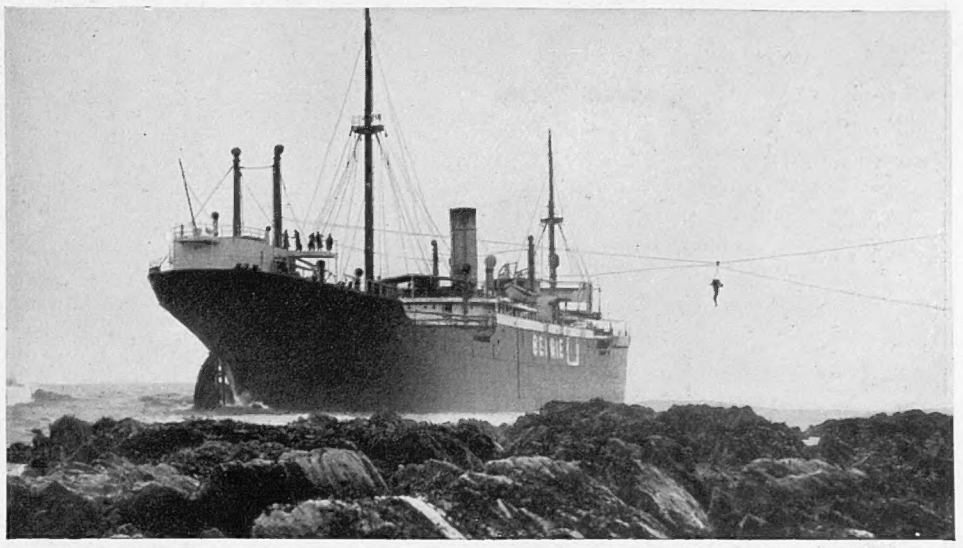
The crater is not very deep, nor is the ridge very high, but the building at the back has been liberally splattered as shown by the white marks. All the glass has been blown out

Several fires broke out in the city as the result of incendiary bombs, but they were all restricted in their effect

THE BOMBED TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL

The top stories have been smashed and the interior wrecked

THE TOLL OF THE SEA

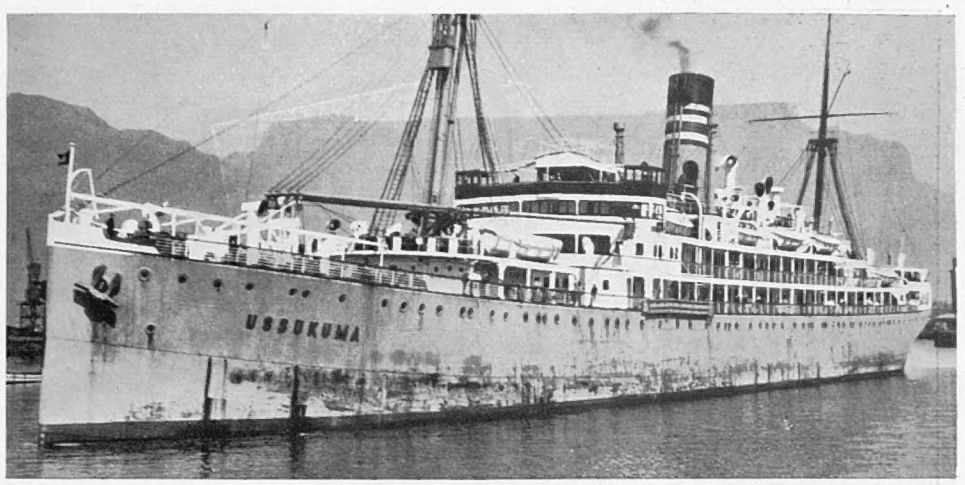


A RESCUE STEAMER HERSELF WRECKED ON THE BRITISH COAST

The *Louis Sheid*, a Belgian ship, had rescued some of the passengers and crew of the Dutch liner *Tajaudoen* after she had been torpedoed. The *Louis Sheid* later ran ashore on the rocks—one of a series of bad luck incidents last week

TWICE SHIPWRECKED, THESE MEN WERE HOSPITABLY ENTERTAINED IN A SOUTHERN PORT

These men from the *Tajaudoen* had the extraordinary experience of being twice shipwrecked in one day. Both vessels were neutral ships, the number of sinkings amongst these rising last week



ONE OF A NUMBER OF RECENT CAPTURES OF GERMAN MERCHANT SHIPS

Above is seen the German liner *Ussukuma*, captured in the south Atlantic. *Below*—The Belgian steamer *Kabinda* which ran ashore on the Goodwin Sands a few days ago and broke her back. The cargo of cotton and coffee beans was carried ashore in small craft

THE ALLIED LEADERS—FROM LEFT TO RIGHT—H.M. THE KING, M. LEBRUN (FRENCH PRESIDENT), M. DALADIER, AND LORD GORT, V.C

THE INTRICACIES OF A PREDICTOR BEING EXPLAINED TO HIS MAJESTY

THE KING CONGRATULATES FLYING-OFFICER REGINALD C. GRAVELEY

Flying-Officer Graveley was recently awarded the O.B.E.—Order of the British Empire (military division). The honour was earned when the aircraft piloted by Graveley was shot down by an enemy fighter. Although flames leaped from the wreckage, Graveley dragged his wounded observer to safety and then rescued the gunner, already dead in the cockpit. Flying-Officer Graveley was formerly a London Transport Board clerk and learned to fly in the busmen's flying club which has a subscription of sixpence a week

The KING in FRANCE

With the British and French Armies in the Field

His Majesty's visit of a week's duration to the Army in France was a token of his unceasing thought for his troops. In addition, the Royal tour among the French troops and people showed how deep is the sense of unity between the two armies—far greater than normally exists even among the closest allies. An outstanding event was the march past of the Guards. Their march discipline was perfect, their lines as rigid as though they were marching down Birdcage Walk. Their boots and buttons shone in the sun, and all the while the band played a succession of famous tunes, including "Colonel Bogey," and other airs closely identified with the Guards. The King, surrounded by his staff, took the salute. After lunch the King walked across a small bridge spanning the moat out into the park, where two massed reviews awaited his inspection. One consisted of troops formed in a hollow square. The King walked up and down the long lines of men standing rigid at attention and then, shaking hands with the commander, congratulated him on their excellent turn-out. The visite to the French Army concluded the busy week, and on Sunday the King was back with his people

THE KING SHAKES HANDS WITH A BRITISH OFFICER IN BATTLE-DRESS DURING AN EARLY MORNING INSPECTION

HE OLD FAMILIAR DUCK BOARDS CAME IN USEFUL ON THIS WET MORNING WHEN HIS MAJESTY INSPECTED TEMPORARY HEADQUARTERS

A CONTINGENT OF GREAT-COATED FRENCH SOLDIERS JUST OUT OF THE LINE INSPECTED BY HIS MAJESTY DURING HIS VISIT TO THE WESTERN LINE

THE ROYAL CAR PASSING THROUGH THE COUNTRYSIDE IS EAGERLY WATCHED BY THE VILLAGERS

Day after day, the King visited branch after branch of his Army in France. The tour of the lines necessitated passing through numerous French villages and great was the interest displayed by the residents. Some wonderful lunches were prepared at the local hostelries for His Majesty

THE PROPOSED "CARVE-UP" OF EUROPE

It is Now a Case of Germany and Russia Against the Rest (The Strategy of the War—XII)

By GENERAL SIR CHARLES HARINGTON, G.C.B., G.B.E., D.S.O., D.C.L.

THE past week has given us much food for thought. Even if we have little to report as regards our own operations by sea, air and land, we have much to record on the credit side. Mr. Winston Churchill left us with a very comforting picture of steady progress. He tells us so clearly of the problem of the sea, and the dangers which have to be faced day and night, and of the steps being taken to overcome the U-boat and the mine.

Although the report of any sinking naturally hurts one, the fact that 150 ships get in and out of our ports daily, and the very small percentage of losses to the total of our ships on the seas, can but add to our testimony to the work of the Royal Navy and the Mercantile Marine, and to the great body of fishermen who have come forward to help. The week's record at sea cannot fail to hearten us.

The past week's record in the air bears the same stamp. Our Air Force have accounted for several of the enemy machines, and our airmen have carried out several successful raids into Germany, and in the neighbourhood of Kiel, and enemy machines visiting England and Scotland have met with a warm reception. Each day we are heartened by the records of our Air Force, and each day the great reinforcements of our Dominions to the strength of the Air Force get nearer.

The Army, although not heavily engaged so far, has been greatly heartened by the visit of His Majesty the King. I know from the experience of the last war what those visits of King George V meant. He used frequently to stop in a villa at Cassel, close to our Second Army headquarters. He made many visits to the Ypres salient and visited the Messines—Wytschaete Ridge very shortly after we had taken it. He visited the Canadian Corps, when I was Chief of Staff, the day before he had that very unfortunate accident when a horse lent to him by Lord Haig came over backwards on him.

I was interested to read a few days ago that the King had received the war correspondents. What a change since the last war, as Sir Philip Gibbs will have been thinking. In the early days of the last war they had a very difficult time. G.H.Q. did not welcome them, but at long last, on the eve of the battle of Messines, I was rung up to say that they were being sent up to the Second Army.

I remember the occasion so well. I received them all and put them on their honour and told them the whole plans of the battle of Messines; arranged for them to see the battle and told them to come back the next night and discuss it. They did so, and I have to-day a very delightful album containing the cuttings from all their papers on the battle of Messines presented to me and signed by such well-known correspondents as Perry Robinson (*The Times*), Percival Phillips (*Daily Telegraph*), Philip Gibbs, Beach Thomas (*Daily Mail*)—all since knighted—and others. That was the first act of trust and kindness shown to the war correspondents in the Great War. Now they have been received by the King.

During the past week we have left the Western Front to watch Finland. A gallant little country, foully and wantonly assaulted and, as I write, putting up an heroic and glorious defence against overwhelming odds. It will be interesting to learn if the fate of Finland was included in the talks being carried out between ourselves and Russia just prior to the war. No doubt Latvia, Estonia and Lithuania were. The excuse that Finland was a threat to Leningrad was a pretty rotten one. 4,000,000 a threat to 140,000,000! Was ever such rubbish heard? The world would like very much to know whether Hitler on the telephone each night says to Stalin, "Well done, comrade" or "You cad, that was never in our bargain." Anyhow, it is clear that almost every country in the world, except Germany, has expressed its sympathy with Finland. Hitler is still not surprised!

What comes next? The air is full of rumours. It is possible to collect from some sections of the Press the most wonderful feats of strategy. Vast armies appear likely to move across continents in the night, and bob up again in the morning, like the clown in pantomime, saying, "Here we are again." The question of ice, snow, and mud do not come into these calculations. At the same time one cannot help feeling sorry for many of the neutral states, especially for those who happen to live adjacent to the scene of operations. They only want to live in peace and to go about their lawful business by sea and land. It is, therefore, disturbing to read of the sinking of so many neutral ships, especially Dutch, and one hopes they will soon accept the British protection which has been offered.

I have a vague recollection of when I was at school being taught something called "permutations and combinations," and I have some idea that that meant joining up something with everything else in turn and always getting the wrong answer. The views in a portion of the Press to-day remind me very forcibly of this. One can read of every sort of combination of countries which will either destroy the present world or make a new one. I read in one paper a few days ago a headline that Germany and Russia are preparing to carve up Europe. Europe is a pretty tough joint and their knives will have to be terribly sharp. France and England are made of bone, and nothing but a super axe will make any sort of impression, and there is nothing to show at present that they have brought one with them.

Finland has now fortified the Aaland Islands. Helsinki is still holding out. Petsamo may be still holding out and the advance over the Karelian Peninsula is far from easy. The Scandinavian powers are naturally anxious but they are not dismayed. Holland, Belgium, and Denmark are also anxious but they are calm. They are not going to be frightened by any threat. The wicked sinking of their ships must have determined their policy. German and Russian propaganda has long since ceased to have any effect in these countries or in Norway and Sweden. They know that their future is more secure in friendship with the "big brothers," Great Britain and France.

Similarly in the Balkans we hear of all sorts of threats. Rumania is to be overrun from every side, and a bomb of unrivalled size is to be exploded in the Balkans. It may be so, but both Italy and Turkey are quite resolved and capable of rendering it harmless.

Concerning field-marshals, our commanders of the last war, recalls a talk on the Maginot Line by a professional lecturer at Eastbourne which I attended a few days ago. An excellent lecture but entirely marred by a remark at the end urging us to thank God that in this war we had generals who would command with brains instead of with men's bodies. Unfortunately we were not allowed to ask questions at the end or I should have had something to say of our old chiefs, like Lord Plumer, my chief, who committed his soldiers to battle as at Messines when he was himself kneeling by his bedside and praying for them. It is pretty bad taste for lecturers to be going about the country vilifying the memory of such men.

As I write, let us try to visualise a true summary of the situation to-day. We do not know whether Russia will be content with the overthrow of Finland, if that occurs. We do not know what Germany thinks of it all. We do not know what Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland and Belgium think of it all. We do see signs that Italy, Turkey, Rumania and others do not want an upheaval in the Balkans. We also see our slow but gradual mastery of the sea getting nearer and the gradual overthrow of the mine menace being achieved. Though we deplore the daily loss of our own ships and those of neutrals, we have a comforting feeling that we are winning that battle, thanks to the heroic efforts of our Navy, Mercantile Marine and fishermen.

We applaud daily the magnificent efforts of our Air Force, and we know that our Army, in conjunction with our Allies, finds itself more prepared and ready to meet whatever it may be faced with. Time has been all on our side. When one adds to that the reassuring news of our increased production throughout the Empire, the reinforcements to come from our great Dominions, the Dominion Air Force reinforcements via Canada, one can only feel proud and thankful. Let us look forward, not backward. Behind the above we have the will and determination of the whole nation, wrapped up in the words "unselfish service."

As one of the old school, it goes to my heart to see statements put forth that we should detach forces to help others at this stage. I only wish it were possible, but let us never forget what that fatal policy of making detachments in the last war cost us. We were always making detachments, to no less than seven theatres of war. Do not let us repeat that folly. Our one main objective is the defeat of the German Army. The bulk of that army is now on the Western Front, behind the Siegfried Line. That army has to be defeated. There are other methods except by direct attack, which I do not advocate. That German Army is there, it cannot escape. Let Hitler commit it to a frontal attack. The Allies would welcome it. Let it remain stagnant. It will get hungry and discontented. It is going to endure a pretty wet and uncomfortable winter. Its prospect is none too good. It is going to learn that the overthrow of France and Great Britain is not the easy passage of which it had been told. At the moment, from their point of view it must be right as Hitler has told them. Will they be as certain in six months' time? We shall see.

THE MAKING OF A GUARDSMAN

The Guards become fully trained only after a course which lasts eight weeks: the raw recruit then becomes a "full private," ready for further and more specialised training in various branches of infantry duties. In this picture a group of guardsmen are seen receiving training in accurate rifle shooting; note the "props" which keep the soldier's body rigid while aiming

Tall, with a mop of flaxen hair, this "Lotta" is typical of many of the more dashing of the girl civil guards of Finland

Pictures by Denise Bellon

THE SPIRIT OF FINLAND'S YOUTH

There were, at the outbreak of Russia's attack upon Finland, 100,000 of these "Lottas," who were prepared to take their place in any national situation which might arise. They are here seen drilling (*on left*) and a civil guard youth practising javelin throwing (*on right*)

CORK TIPPED
CORK TIPPED
"De Reszke" MINORS
The Aristocrat of Cigarettes
60 CIGARETTES
J. MILLHOFF & Co. LTD.
No 1. PICCADILLY. W.
for Christmas
Give them all DeReszke of course!
PAT COMES THE RIGHT ANSWER TO THE ANNUAL PROBLEM FOR EVERYONE WHO SMOKES CIGARETTES—60 de RESZKE MINORS. 600 MINUTES OF ENJOYMENT, PACKED, IN A DECORATED TIN. TO GREET CHRISTMAS MORNING.
SEND 60 GOOD WISHES
— de RESZKE OF COURSE
D.R. MINORS — 60 for 2/6 in decorated tins

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WHAT A SOVIET LOOKS LIKE IN SESSION

AT THE JOINT SITTING OF THE SOVIET OF THE UNION AND THE SOVIET OF NATIONALITIES IN NOVEMBER

The plenipotentiary representatives of the National Assembly of Western Ukraine are here at the Session. On the tribune is Professor M. Pantshishin; and other recognisable figures include Stalin, Molotov, Kalinin, Kaganovitch and others

THE "PLENIPOTENTIARY COMMITTEE OF THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY OF WESTERN UKRAINE" ARRIVE IN MOSCOW

At the meeting on the square at the Kiev Station, Deputy to the National Assembly of Western Ukraine Shkalubina (left) is seen greeting the throng of workers. On the tribune are: Secretary of the Moscow Committee of the Communist Party A. Shtsherbakov, and member of the Political Bureau of the Communist Party and secretary of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Ukrainian S.S.R., N. Khrushtshev

STUDENTS OF THE DZERJINSKY NAVY SCHOOL

Taken on the occasion of the Twenty-First Anniversary of the October Revolution, when a huge military parade was held in Moscow

A VAST SHOW OF HANDS DURING THE FIFTH SESSION

This moment occurred at the joint sitting of the Soviet of the Union and the Soviet of Nationalities in November when the vote on the proposal concerning the acceptance of Western Ukraine into the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics and the inclusion of Western Ukraine in the Ukrainian S.S.R. was being taken

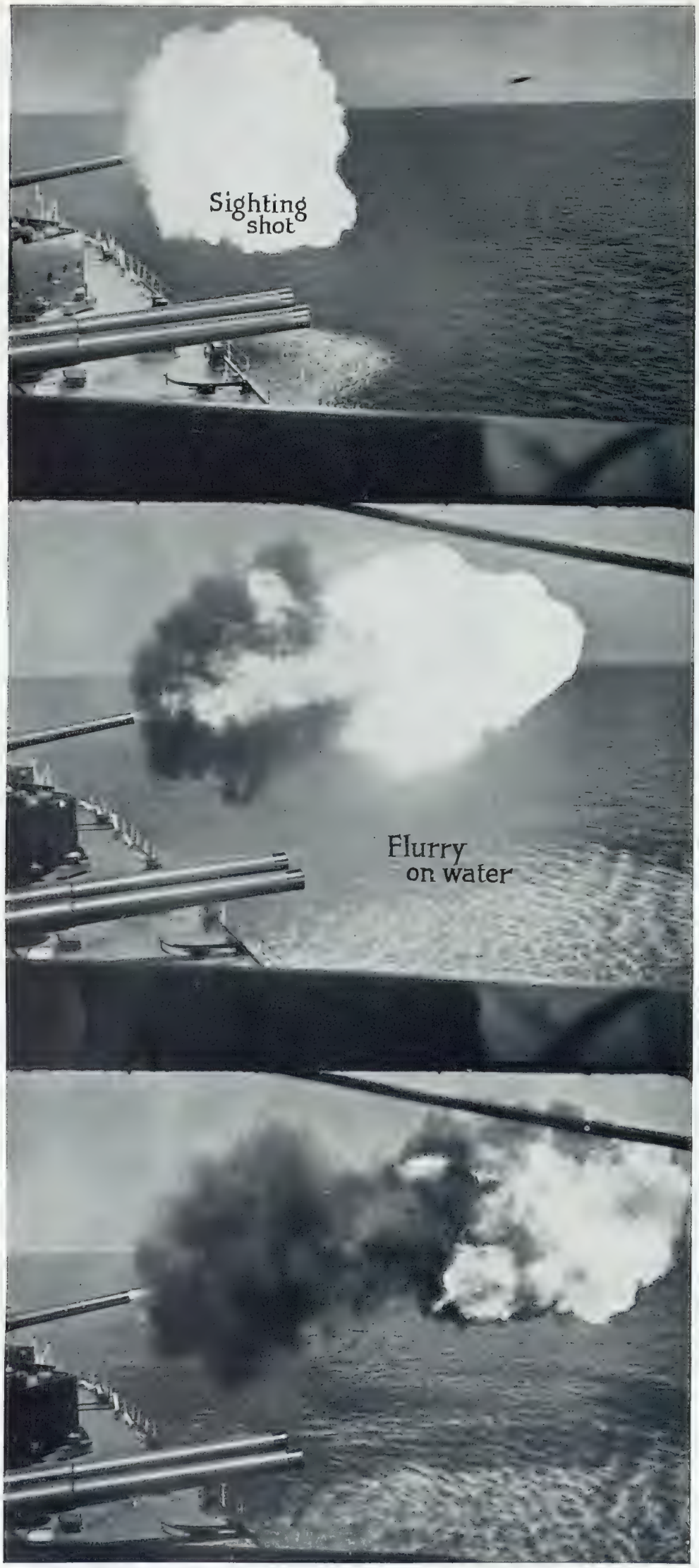
THE STATUS OF "WHITE RUSSIA" TOWARDS THE U.S.S.R.

The National Assembly of Western Belorussia was held recently in the City Theatre of Belostok. Belorussia, or "White Russia," is that part of Poland now occupied by the Soviet

ALL AGES AND SEXES LISTENING TO ANNOUNCEMENTS CONCERNING THE WESTERN STATES WHICH IMPINGE ON EUROPE

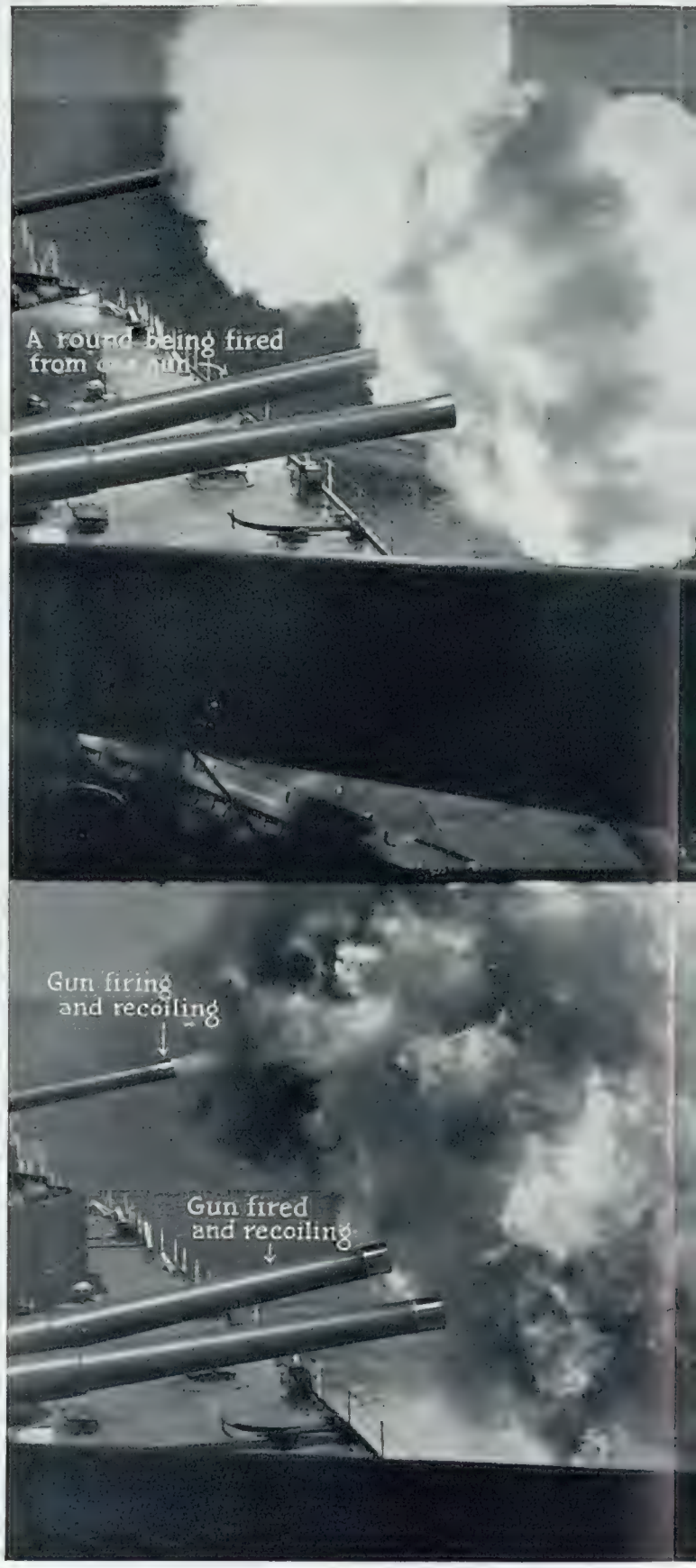
This extraordinary picture was taken at a joint sitting of the Soviet of the Union and the Soviet of Nationalities recently in "the sitting-hall" of the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R. in the Moscow Kremlin

FIRING THE BIG GUNS OF THE BRITISH NAVY: Insta Sec A



WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A RANGING SHOT WITH A 13·5 GUN IS FIRED—NOTE THE SHELL, SMOKE AND "FLURRY"

These three very rapid exposures record the effect of a sighting shot fired from a big battleship now at Scapa Flow. The differences in the colour of the smoke, here clearly recorded, last for a very short time and are scarcely visible to the eye. Note the increasing spread of the "flurry" on the water beneath the gun



BATTLESHIPS IN LINE AHEAD BEGIN FIRING PRACTICE

The after turrets of the vessel in the middle distance have just fired—the guns have their protective sleeves in position —*see* picture on right

THE GUN RAPID

Both by th little of th has at al

ntaneous Effects ured Immediately ffter Discharge

ABOVE RECORDS OF -FIRE WERE EQUALLY D EXPOSURES

shells have been caught ne camera, although a blurred. Only one gun e pair in the foreground been fired—which is not l an unusual procedure

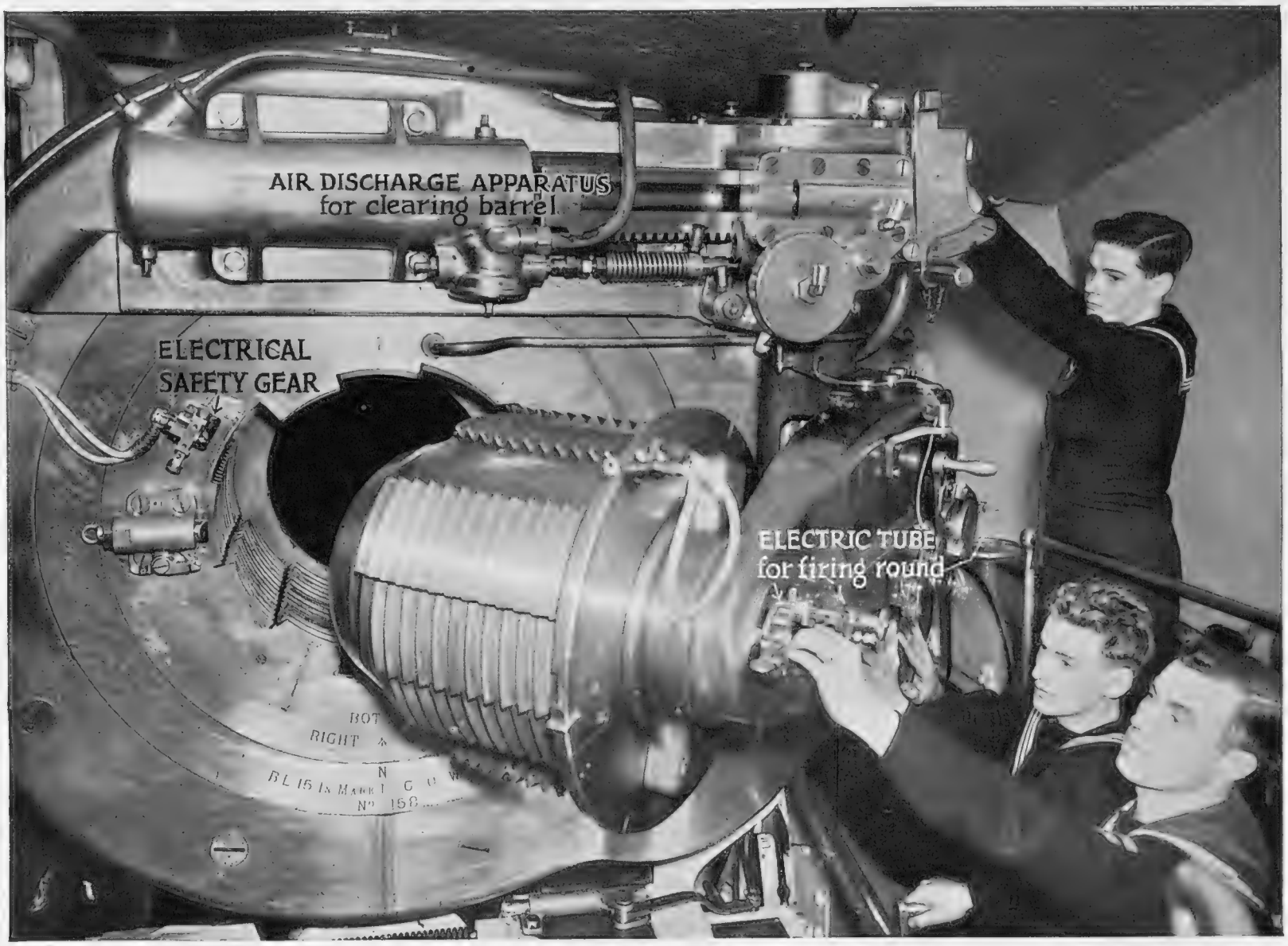
ONE GUN OF EACH PAIR HAS JUST BEEN FIRED— THE NORMAL PRACTICE OF SALVO - FIRING

Smokeless powder is not, as may be seen, entirely smokeless and the discharge of a big gun gives off smoke of colour varying with the progressive combustion of the cordite propellant. This, however, dissipates immediately, whereas in the old days a pall of heavy black smoke would hang over the entire scene of the battle, awaiting a strong wind to blow it away. The recoil of one gun in each pair shows the normal method of salvo-firing, half or one-third the entire broadside of the ship at a time in order to correct the aim by the fall of shot

A SHOT FROM THE BIG FORWARD BATTERY OF H.M.S. "REPULSE"

A 15-in. gun has just been discharged and the cordite smoke has not yet dissipated itself. The canvas sleeves are used when the big guns are being fired—they prevent any back flash of fumes into the turret

FIRING THE BIG GUNS : Special Pictorial Diagrams



CLOSING THE HEAVY BREECH BLOCK PREPARATORY TO FIRING THIS BIG GUN

The grooves which lock the block in position are clearly shown. Above is the apparatus which drives a rush of air through the barrel for the purpose of blowing out any fragment left by a previous discharge. The gear on the left, attached to the left side of the gun, is a safety device. It prevents the gun being fired if the breech is not tightly closed

THE MOMENT OF LOADING, SHOWING HOW THE TURRET CREW ARE GROUPED ABOUT THE GUN

One member of the crew is seen ramming home the shell, rod in hand. On the right, in foreground, is the gun layer preparing the breech block before it is finally closed home. An officer is in command of the turret

RISING FROM THE RANKS

How Men are Selected and Trained to Commissions in This War

PRIVATE STANDISH VEREKER—The Hon. Standish Vereker in civil life, is the son of Lord Gort, Commander-in-Chief of the British Expeditionary Force. He has joined the Officers' Cadet Training Unit and, after four months intensive training with some of the Army's toughest instructor-sergeants, he will become an officer

By NOEL THOMPSON

BY the beginning of the New Year the first officers to have risen from the ranks and to have been intensively trained in the newly-formed Officers' Cadet Training Units (henceforward abbreviated to O.C.T.U.) will have received their commissions and been appointed to their regiments. Then the War Office and the Army will be able to see how the scheme is working and whether when casualties occur and replacements are necessary the O.C.T. units can supply the demand.

I have been talking with officers and men of these units and gathered that while there are snags to be overcome and one or two problems in the offing the system promises very well.

First, a brief summary of the position. In the last war commissions went to men described—and the phrase is still official in this war—as of the "officer or gentleman class." That is to say, regular army officers, youngsters with (possibly) Officers' Training Corps experience at school or university, or men with money and position who, it was thought, could not possibly be allowed to mix with the common rankers. And as everyone knows they did their duty nobly and bravely, if perhaps on occasions ignorantly.

The officer who rose from the ranks was something of a rarity, though, as can be done now, commissions were granted on the field, or emergency commissions.

In the new army, all commissions, with the exception of the field or emergency commissions, are granted only to men who have done their service in the ranks. Hence the O.C.T.U. which came into active being on the outbreak of war.

And this is the procedure. The militiaman, the pre-war territorial, the volunteer, must have served six months with his regiment. Each man is carefully watched, and it is impressed on him, in army language, "that it is his duty to become a good officer"—if the opportunity occurs.

His regiment, whether it be infantry, Royal Artillery, Royal Engineers, Royal Army Service Corps, the cavalry, or a branch of one of these, is informed that when the next monthly batch is due for going to one of the O.C.T. units there will be three, or possibly five, vacancies.

The C.O. then calls his selection committee together and hears whom they have to recommend from their companies among the men with six months' service, two of which must have been as N.C.O.s.

The selected men are then informed—and they must express their willingness to aim at a commission, an honour which is not always appreciated—and their names are forwarded to be added to the nominal roll at the O.C.T.U. headquarters.

So far it is all straightforward and no divergences of opinion. But I could not help smiling when I heard of a necessary clause, that an officer recommending men for the O.C.T.U. must agree to take a man back into his regiment as an officer if he obtains a commission. That is to prevent passing a possibly capable but undoubtedly unpopular man on to another regiment!

The O.C.T.U. training is a hard one. In four months of concentrated work they must learn the equivalent of a full eighteen months' work at Sandhurst. Now the four months since September 3 will not be up until the New Year, so that we must wait for a final decision, but this is what one officer told me.

"The first batch we received for training were first-class material. There were many regular Territorials among them, men of experience and intelligence. The second batch was fairly good, but when the third came along we had to send some back to their regiments with the comment to the C.O. that they were unsuitable and that training them for commissioned rank was a waste of time and money."

That is one of the snags for the future of which I wrote earlier. Will the right supply continue to come along? The young men have the courage and the physique, but they lack the experience, the general knowledge of the world and, at times, the quickness of wit to grasp an intensive course of training. In fact, some of those sent back after being recommended for the nominal roll were set a general knowledge paper, which proved rather a damning indictment against their fitness for officers.

However, the batch of trainees arrives to start a new life. First they lose their stripes, whether corporals or sergeant-majors, and become privates, though their pay continues at the old rate just the same. White hat-bands distinguish them from ordinary soldiers for the next four months as they work their way by monthly stages from "A" company, which starts with drilling and routine work, up to "D" company, which is the nearly completed material, crammed with army knowledge though not of the specialised or technical sort which only a special course can give them.

This must be stressed. Whatever regiment they may go to, they are not taught by the O.C.T.U. to become specialised gas officers, or anything else. They are just trained to be officers, and technical courses must follow later.

There are in the country some twenty-four of these O.C.T. units, of which about a third, far the biggest number, are for infantry. But it may happen that a man who has received a commission reveals that he has special talents that fit him for a regiment other than the one to which he is attached.

I can give one instance. An infantryman revealed that he had several medical degrees and applied to the War Office for a change. His papers were duly forwarded, and within a few days he was appointed to the R.A.M.C., to which he was obviously well fitted. So far I have only explained the system, and have said nothing of the lives of the O.C.T.U. men, and here again I give both sides.

The position is curious. "We are neither fish, nor fowl, nor good red herring," as a private whose name once stood out in neon signs in the West End put it to me. They do not mix with the ordinary troops much, because the War Office and the administrative staff consider them as budding officers and therefore men apart. They have their own canteen, and their own amusements, at present rather rare and scattered, a position soon to be remedied, everyone hopes.

On the other hand, their own officers and N.C.O.s have to consider them as ordinary men or privates and to be treated as such. It works quite happily on the whole, and certainly the men have no complaints, but in a few moments I will give an example of the sort of thing that occurs.

First, here is a story one of the men told me. The sergeant-major who was drilling them was tired and cross. "For heaven's sake, you blankers, pick up your blankety feet," he roared—"gentlemen, please!" he added, remembering their destiny.

The officer cadets are liable for fatigues like any other soldier, I discovered, but they rarely have to do them. They do not keep guard in their barracks either. The reason is that such work is considered a waste of time for men who are at it all day trying to cram eighteen months' work into four months. Most week-ends the men of one unit get leave from after parade on Saturday (time varies) until midnight Sunday, and as they are not too far from London this makes a break. Christmas leave will be from December 23 till January 1.

But to return to this "private or officer" question of the cadets. One dear lady has settled the problem to her own satisfaction, by plumping for the officer side, though they are not allowed into the officers' club. In her town, not far from their camp, fortnightly dances are given. Before every dance she telephones the unit to find out how many of the men will be coming over, and always provides an equal number of nice girls to partner them, a war service which is greatly appreciated. But I feel sure "ordinary" privates would not be so lucky. One unit I should like to have visited has in it the material for the best entertainment in the Army, I should imagine, with Gyles Isham, Frank Lawton, Nigel Patrick, Guy Middleton and Hugh Sinclair in its ranks. In this connection Frank Lawton tells a good story against himself.

He was approached by two girls with autograph books one day when he was in uniform. "Is there a Mr. Lawton in your company?" he was asked.

"I'm Mr. Lawton," he replied, and duly signed the books they put before him. The girls looked at his signature and then remarked, "Oh dear, we thought it was Charles Laughton."

And finally a cameo, which I think sums up the O.C.T.U. very fairly. In the West End one night I met four of the cadets on leave. "How goes it?" I asked, and after half an hour of reminiscences they summed it up this way. "We are fitter than we've ever been in our lives, perfectly happy and well fed. Everyone mixes well, works darned hard, and what is more, we know the lives of the men we hope to command, and the men too."

ACTORS IN TRAINING Four well-known members of the stage who were recently passed to an officers' training centre from the units to which they had been drafted. From left to right they are: Guy Middleton, Frank Lawton, Nigel Patrick, and Gyles Isham. The training schools are similar in some respects to the great institutions at Woolwich and Sandhurst

THE FRENCH ARMY DIGS ITSELF

ADVANCED FRENCH MACHINE-GUN NESTS

Along the Western Front the anti-aircraft nests are carefully camouflaged. They add greatly to the safety of outer defences

EVERYWHERE IN FRONT AND BEHIND THE GREAT FORTIFIED LINE SUPPORTING TRENCHES ARE BEING DUG

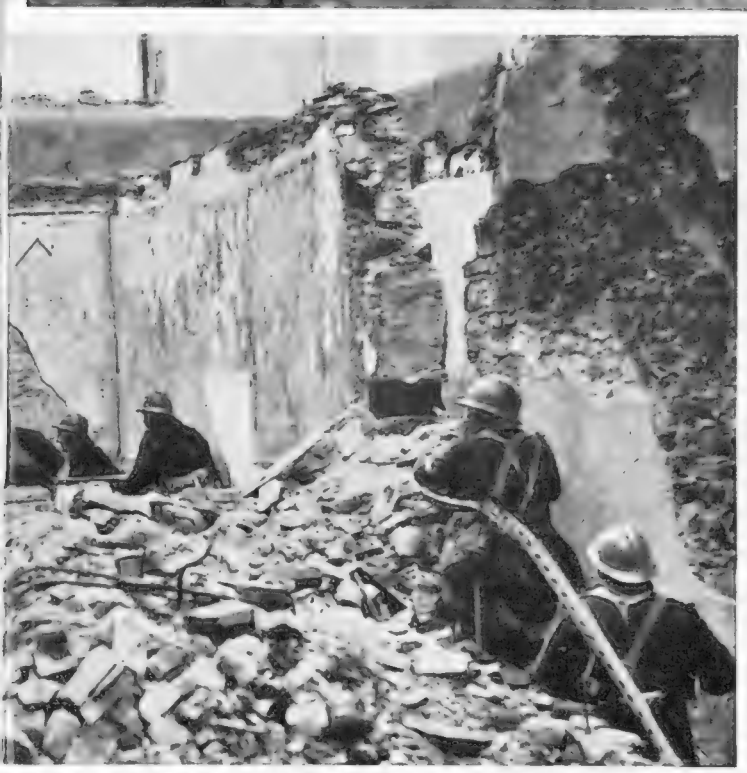
It was a wet morning when this picture was taken but the big shovels accomplished the allotted task

HOLDING THE ADVANCED LINE: A FRENCH INFANTRY PATROL IN A SHELLED FARMHOUSE

The broken bridge and shattered roofs in the now deserted little town

TWO VIEWS IN THE NOW GUEMINES, IN THE SAAR FIGURED IN THE SEPTEM

IN ALONG THE ADVANCED LINE



This picture reveals the fact that the French patrols have a terrain to work in which has already felt the effects of the bombardments so briefly referred to in the French official communiqués

DESERTED TOWN OF SARRE-VALLEY REGION, WHICH BER-OCTOBER FIGHTING

Sarreguemines was evacuated after the German shelling of the little town—the villas became untenable

IN A FRENCH ADVANCED ANTI-AIRCRAFT MACHINE-GUN POST

These posts are established in front of the heavily protected lines; the gunners specialise in "strafing" any low-flying aircraft which venture across to French territory

A MIDDAY REST DURING THE WORK OF STRENGTHENING THE OUTER DEFENCE LINE OF THE WESTERN FRONT

The French meals are very different to the British, but washed down with good French wine, they agree excellently with the troops; there are some good trenchermen in the above group

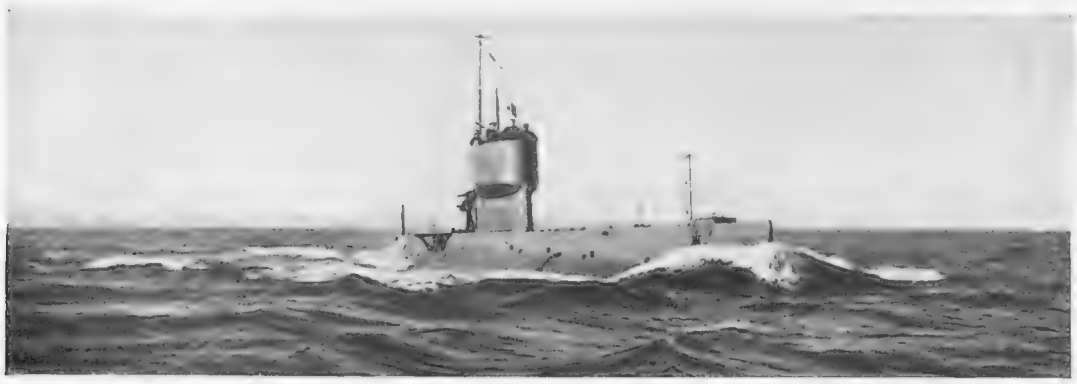
THE "KRASNI-KAVKAZ" WITH HER TRIPOD MAST

BIG RUSSIAN FLOTILLA LEADERS IN LINE AHEAD

The Russian Navy has specialised in big flotilla leaders which approach in size the cruiser *on left*

ON BOARD THE RUSSIAN BATTLESHIP "PARIZHAKAYA KOMMUNA"

The occasion was the visit of a special concert party. In the background is the triple turret and control tower. This battleship is a sister ship to the *Marat*, famous for her bent funnel (see bottom picture *on right*)



A SUBMARINE OF THE 467-TON MARXIST CLASS

Russia is reported to have a large number of submarines, but exact figures are difficult to obtain

TYPES OF MACHINE-GUNS ON THE RUSSIAN WARSHIPS

The gunner on the right has had his portrait broadcast through Russia because of his good marksmanship

THE SOVIET FLEET

Submarine Construction Extensive: Other Classes Old and of Uncertain Value

DURING the last few years the Soviet authorities have been far more inclined to reveal detailed information of their Army and Air Force than of their Navy, and at the present time the students of naval affairs are left with a good deal to puzzle them concerning the state of the Russian Navy and its value in war-time. Recently Russia has refused to exchange naval information with the other powers, and when she did do so the returns were admittedly two years old, so that it is not surprising that wild stories have been circulated, mostly from Axis sources, concerning vast fleets which have been built with the greatest secrecy, especially submarines.

It is easier to conceal the existence of torpedo craft and submarines than it is of big ships, and as far as the bigger units are concerned the known details are at least reasonably accurate. Most of the big ships in the Fleet are those inherited from the old Czarist Navy, many of which remained uncompleted in the shipyards for years. This long period of neglect, and opportunity of looting everything that was detachable, made their completion to modern ideas a big task, but now putting in a fair amount of sea time are several capital ships and cruisers which were completed in that way, the design brought up to date as much as possible. The projected programme of three 35,000-ton battleships carrying 16-in. guns has been on the *tapis* for a long time, but it would seem to depend very largely on getting the component parts from the United States.

Two new aircraft-carriers and a cruiser minelayer are under construction and four fast cruisers have been built or are building in Russia to Italian design. In addition, there is a fleet of a dozen flotilla leaders, whose size would demand that they be classed as light cruisers in Britain. This fleet consists of the Italian-built *Tashkent*, whose delayed delivery caused so much stir a short time ago, nine Russian adaptations of her design, and two built to French design and supervision.

The other destroyers are of war-time or pre-war construction and their fighting value is doubtful, as most of them must be either worn out or have deteriorated by long spells in port. There are a very large number of small motor torpedo boats and this is a type in which the Russians take the keenest interest as being most nearly akin to the aeroplanes in which they have specialised. They learned to appreciate their possibilities by the raids of the British coastal motor boats on their battleships at Kronstadt during the post-war operations.

It is the Russian submarine fleet which provides the greatest question, for it is shrouded in secrecy at every point. Some authorities credit the Soviet Navy with 150 under-water craft or even more, while others doubt whether the number of effective vessels reaches three figures. A few of the big ships run into 1,800 tons submerged displacement but the great majority are certainly of the smaller type, 250 tons or even less, and are designed particularly for coast defence purposes, although it has been suggested that those stationed in Vladivostok could easily raid the Japanese coasts and trade lanes. The material side is, however, only half the question and the personnel is just as important and even more difficult to gauge. Whether the famous purges, which affected the Navy as well as the Army, have destroyed all the necessary staff organisation is an open question, but there is admittedly a very serious shortage of officers and instructors, so much so that a good deal of the instruction is being carried out by correspondence classes, although the Voroshilov Naval Academy at Leningrad, established somewhat on the model of Greenwich and Portsmouth, is always full of officers.

As regards the ratings, technical education has received very great attention as in all other branches of Russian life, and full publicity is given to the names and photographs of the men who do particularly well, although it is significant that those who score high marks are always credited with good work in their "military and politica training." There is no doubt that great progress has been made in recent years. In 1930, the battleship *Parizhakaya-Kommuna* and the cruiser *Profintern* made the passage from the Baltic to the Black Sea and were covered with ridicule as they crawled from port to port. The Soviet Government's excuse for keeping the battleship in the Black Sea afterwards was that she was not in a condition to return, and although politics may have had their influence in keeping her in the south, it is an excuse which no navy would make unless it were well-founded. Against this her sister, the *Marat*, attended the Coronation Review of 1937, and made a very creditable impression, far better than that made by most of the Czarist warships before the Great War. She had been completely reconstructed with many innovations, the majority of which seemed to be the ideas of the theorist rather than of the practical seaman, but she was kept clean and her men moved about their duties smartly.

All matters of personnel in the Soviet Navy are bound to be mixed up with politics, and it is significant that a revolutionary order has recently been promulgated curtailing the powers of the ships' commissars over the officers. As these powers had been exercised they were an obvious encouragement to insubordination, especially by the junior officers, who had the power of getting their superiors into very serious trouble, but although the dual control still remains it is drastically curtailed and officers can only be tried by court-martial of their peers and not by the party tribunals.

F. B.

THE LAND OF LAKES

Water, Snow and Ice Are Finland's Natural Defences

If there is a desperate determination to defend at all costs, then Finland offers to the people within her borders many natural aids with which to defy an enemy. The long lines of lakes will admit of very short land defence lines. Against these there would not be room for an enemy to hurl its millions. Both antagonists are used to snow and ice, but these may well favour the defence

THE SOUTHERN AREA OF THE RUSSIAN ATTACK UPON FINLAND

The area stretches from Hangoe Island, which Russia desires as an advanced fortified point on the Gulf of Finland, to Viborg and Leningrad on the east. Two railways, it will be noted, pierce the Karelian frontier, one going towards Lake Ladoga and the other to Viborg (Viipuri), Helsinki and beyond. The ground rises northwards of Helsinki and Kotka, and within this area are innumerable lakes

A LAND WHICH IS VIRTUALLY A CONTINUOUS VENICE

The surroundings of Viipuri give a good idea of how Finnish territory is divided between land and water. Tongues of wooded territory are connected by numberless bridges, and farther north, lake and marsh extend for thousands of square miles

TYPICAL OF THE TRUNK ROADS OF FINLAND WHICH TRAVERSE IMMENSE DISTANCES

This, the Arctic Ocean road to Lapland, traverses forest and lake country. Its ruts are periodically rolled out. It is rough, but sound

A POSSIBLE WATER FRONT BEHIND THE FINNISH FRONTIER

An example of the way in which Finland's waterways stretch for miles across the country may be found here with Bjorko on the west and Taipale on the east

On left—

HELSINKI

The busiest part of the capital is around the port district—the north and south harbours are separated by Skatudden, which itself contains the Cathedral and the Mint. In close proximity are numerous important buildings. Most of them have an air of great modernity and nothing earlier than the late seventeenth century will be seen

On right—

VIBORG, OR VIIPURI

A busy Finnish city, too close to the frontier for comfort, situated on the Bay of Viborg, an inlet of great depth. A chain of lakes stretches northwards towards Willmanstrand. There is a fine Gothic chateau near the Abo Bridge

OTHER THINGS THAN WAR . . .

Gardens For All To See; The Countryside; Books and Men and Memories

THE GARDENS SCHEME.—I am delighted to find that my paragraph on the gardens scheme—the opening of gardens for the benefit of the Queen's Institute and District Nursing—has been read and approved and has already brought in new recruits. I urged that the scheme should not be allowed to die during the war, but should, on the contrary, be enlarged by the bringing in of more and smaller gardens and by the recruitment of the more humble-minded owners of pretty gardens. The visitors will, of course, be more local, because of petrol rationing, but there will be no lack of patrons. One criticism I received was that I failed to tell readers to whom they should apply for the granting of an opening date.

All the names of county organisers are given in the annual list, "The Gardens of England and Wales." A copy for 1939 can be obtained still from Mrs. Whitaker, Q.I.D.N., 57 Lower Belgrave St., S.W.1, I believe, and information is given there also.

I cannot quote all the names. I will give some which cover counties lying to the south and west of London :—

Surrey: Dowager Countess Cawdor, Frensham Hall, Haslemere.
East Sussex: Miss Wagg, The Hermitage, East Grinstead.
West Sussex: Lady Leconfield, Petworth.
Hampshire: Mrs. Salmon, 24, St. Thomas' Street, Winchester.
Wiltshire: The Marchioness of Lansdowne, Bowood, Calne.
Kent: Miss Babington, Precincts, Canterbury.
Berks: Miss Simonds, Firlands, Bracknell.
Bucks: Mrs. Trevor Williams, Dromenagh, Iver Heath.

I take the names from the 1939 list. There may be changes, but applications to these addresses should not go astray. It is time to get busy.

Bignor.—No book I can call to mind is better attuned to this hour or makes better war-time reading than does Kipling's famous *Puck o' Pook's Hill*. For if ever a book *was* England, *was* the eternal English countryside, it is this. And, better still, it puts into a right perspective the transient, "tremendous trifle" of a world war. The Great War, the Napoleonic wars, the wars of the middle ages, these were but incidents in the life of nations which make no mark on the permanent things of life.

The hills remain undented, the rivers flow as of old, the birds nest in their season, and even man goes marching on, puzzling for ever over the problems of life and death. Nay, even the rule of a dynasty or 500 years of occupation by a dominant race dent those hills but by dimpled shadow lines which may be old fortifications or may be the imprints of thousands of years of water percolation.

And so it is at Bignor of which *Puck o' Pook's Hill* treats. It lies about three miles north-east of Burton on the Arundel road, and was once an appanage of the Earls of Arundel. It lies under the loveliest section of the South Downs, marked with Roman workings. Distinctly marked still is a Roman road which runs from Chichester by way of Pulborough (where it is raised above flood level) to Dorking and London. Bignor seemed cut out by nature to be a Roman suburb of the important Roman centre in Chichester, yet no Roman remains (other than land indentations) were found there until the nineteenth century.

Then one day in 1811, in a field at Bignor a plough turned up some pieces of tile which proved to be mosaic pavement of Roman origin. This was in the "Bury" field, a few hundred yards east of the church. The farm was in occupation of a yeoman named Tupper, who treated the find with the utmost skill and good sense. He bared two feet of soil all round the find and an almost perfect pavement of great size was revealed, showing a lovely representation of the Rape of Ganymede in many coloured tesserae of the period of Titus. From that point the discoveries were made under expert advice and in due course was revealed what was clearly the summer residence of a governor or high official of the Roman occupation.

There is a great piscina, or cistern, with very modern plumbing, and evidence of a most elaborate and efficient central heating system in a congeries of buildings of which much of the walls now stands clear, re-roofed for preservation. It is a splendid villa; one great ambulatory is 220 ft. long and there is a range of rooms and a banqueting hall besides. Gorgeous decorations can be studied, showing examples of bird life and flowers and human forms. With their Turkish baths and cold plunges, their columned porticos and snug libraries, their modern furnaces and plumbing, how nobly lived those Regnian proconsuls and how utterly they and all they stood for and fought for have vanished.

It is odd to recall that after the Romans departed from Britain, English history is a black-out for 800 years, a period separating the reign of King John from that of George VI. There is a charm and many a wise lesson to be learned at Bignor. Successive owners of the farm have felt it and have ever resolutely refused to commercialise a priceless document of English history.

IN THE LAND OF CHRISTMAS TREES

A scene on the Manchester Corporation Estate at Thirlmere, Cumberland, where thousands of Christmas trees are being cut to meet the demands of the trade. Many little evacuees from London are billeted with the Corporation employees and are getting new ideas on the trees which hitherto they have only seen decorated in their homes on Christmas Day

The Ex-Kaiser and England—a Memory.—When the prospect of a Nazi invasion of Holland seemed imminent (as it may again) I engaged in conversation with Farmer Snell during a tour of special constabulary duty. "What," he asked, "will happen to the old Kaiser? Will he come to England? Would we take 'en in?" I turned the idea over in my mind. Yes, I thought we would take him in, if he asked us prettily. And I threw my mind back to the past, and it recalled to me how astonishingly friendly, all his life and despite his innumerable lapses, had been Britain's attitude towards him right down to 1915, and again since 1920.

In my life I saw him at least three times riding or driving through the streets of London. First in 1899, in the black weeks of the Boer War, when logically we should have treated him as we treated General "Hyena" at the Brewery. He came on a State visit to Windsor and Sandringham, his curses and jibes still ringing in our ears and a new insult deliberately aimed at the Prince of Wales (Edward VII). And we cheered him to the echo! Next, in January 1901, when he came for Queen Victoria's funeral and instantly assumed all the duties of chief mourner and general comforter and organiser of our national grief. We became hysterical in our fatuous mob adulation. The soberest journal referred to him as "the chief mourner who has won all hearts by coming among us and whose elevation to be a Field-Marshal of the British Army is immensely popular. . . . While the present Emperor lives, there can be no hostility. He is one of us by his share in our sorrow. . . . Brotherhood between the two nations is a fact."

How clearly I remember that funeral procession. The assassination of King Humbert at Monza was still fresh in memory and general anxiety was expressed that so many kings and royal heirs should ride through the streets in so narrow a compass.

King Edward rode immediately behind the coffin with the Kaiser and Duke of Connaught on either hand; the Kings of Greece and Portugal came next, ahead of the Queen's grandsons and the representatives of a dozen royal houses, among them the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, the German Crown Prince and the Duke of Aosta, and representatives of Russia, Spain, and the Balkan States. Within a few years almost every dynasty represented had been swept from its throne. It was a procession of ghosts attending the obsequies of an epoch. The British and Scandinavian and Low Country thrones alone stood firm through the cataclysm.

Once more I saw him; I think it was when he came for the opening of Queen Victoria's memorial and for King Edward's funeral. We cheered him to the echo. Mass hysteria is a fatuous manifestation, but with the Kaiser it had some extenuating justification. Once the man admired England intensely. And there was much good in him, and great magnetic charm. He had in his good hours a great deal of his uncle's extraordinary power to win admiration and to win over opposition, and he was and still is capable of graceful and thoughtful actions. King George V, a great judge of men, felt consistently friendly about him until late in the war.

I recall a very revealing and little known anecdote at the time of the Queen's funeral, told of him by Sir Hubert van Herkomer. Two girls from the School of Art Needlework Guild had been hastily summoned to Osborne to complete a funeral pall which had been begun by Royal ladies. The place was in confusion and no one attended to their wants. They were left hungry and cold in a large and empty and fireless room. Unable to work, they summoned up courage at last to ring. None answered the bell. In desperation they rang and rang again, and at last the door opened and a man appeared. They offered their explanation. He listened to them with extraordinary patience and gravity and promised to put things right. Soon after, relief arrived as by magic—fire and food and lights. A few hours later the girls recognised their *deus ex machina* as beyond question the Kaiser. . . .

Looking back over the past and with experience of our national tolerance, I have not the least doubt that it would be immensely popular if the Kaiser were ever offered asylum over here. He would be cheered to the echo whenever he was seen abroad. And, incidentally, it would be a piquant circumstance such as British humour delights in.

"Address Unknown."—In common with thousands, I read and admired Kressmann Taylor's *Address Unknown*. It takes half an hour to read carefully and it is claimed for it that it tells in all essentials the story of Hitlerism and all that was good and bad, strong and weak, noble and base, in it from first to last. It is no wild claim. It tells one more about Germany since 1930 than a dozen "inside" history books and all the details of "our own correspondents" which I have waded through. But this short story is even more arresting.

Hitherto the world's best short stories have been written and adjudged on other standards—atmosphere, character, point, incident, or what-not, boiled down to essentials in a recognised literary form. Maupassant's *The Necklace*, Lanoe Falconer's *Mademoiselle Ixe*, Stevenson's *Thrawn Janet* or *Sire de Malétroit* or *Jekyll and Hyde*.

O. Henry was a kind of link between the old standards and this tremendously new form. For this is a form in which economy is carried farther than ever before in literature. It is the steel scaffolding of a modern building which the reader is left to clothe and to see as a finished building. It is a modern wood-cut, economical of line and economical of shade. And every one of its minimum of "cuts" is a shrewd and essential hammer blow. There is not one word too much or too few. If there be one criticism of the story, it is that the essential hinge on which the plot turns is not acceptable on all hands as true to life—the admission by Martin to Max of his cowardice towards Max's sister.

J. G.

JAPANESE GIRLS ARE USED TO SLIPPING ON A GAS-MASK

These girls are all from a big Tokyo store (Matsuza Kaya's) where fire squads and anti-gas drills have been instituted

"CAIRO CENTRAL, PLEASE"; A GIRL IN CAIRO'S MAIN TELEPHONE EXCHANGE AT WORK

The modern Egyptian telephone girls are pretty and smart at their work; they handle the switches during most of the daylight hours

THE OLD-TIME MILITARY ATHLETIC MOVEMENTS ARE STILL PRACTISED

The traditional drill with the halberd or naginata is still considered a desirable part of athletic training

A CAIRENE HELLO-GIRL HAS HER LUNCH AT THE CITY'S HEADQUARTERS

The telephone girls of modern Egypt quite support the reputation for good looks which the women in general enjoy

AN ALL TOO FAMILIAR ATTITUDE THE WORLD OVER NOWADAYS—PREPARING TO ASSUME A GAS-MASK

The ubiquity of the gas-mask is one of the strange phenomena of national life to-day. In every country geographically placed in a danger area the civil population have to learn to adjust straps and headgear which only vary a little in certain details

GAS AND ATHLETIC DRILL OF THE TOKYO SHOP-GIRLS

AT THE SWITCH-BOARD WITH THE CAIRO HELLO-GIRLS

The central telegraph and telephone offices in Cairo are housed in a fine, massive building erected in a modernised Classic style. Girls are on duty during the day-time and men during the night-time. The latter wear their tarbushes according to Muslim custom

THE NIGHT WORK AT THE CAIRO HEADQUARTERS IS TAKEN OVER BY A MALE STAFF

THIS CHRISTMAS

GIVE 'GREYS'

Cigarettes worthy of a special occasion

You can't go wrong if you give cigarettes. Especially *this* Christmas, when your gift list is probably presenting unusual difficulties. And if you decide to give Greys—those distinguished cigarettes which everyone welcomes at sight—it will become more obvious than ever that you have done the supremely right thing.

IN DECORATED TINS 50 *for* 2/11D

THE WAR IN THE AIR IN THE BALTIC

The Chances of Finland and the Scandinavian Countries in an Air War Against the Russians

Described by CHARLES G. GREY

(formerly Editor of *The Aeroplane*)

BALTIC affairs may turn out in the end to be the pivot on which next year's history will swing. The Russian invasion of Finland seems to have caused far more excitement and reprobation and protest and so forth than did the invasion of Austria, Bohemia, or even Poland. The United States seems to be particularly annoyed by it, possibly because Europeans of all sorts have settled in the States and their national peculiarities are better known there than they are here.

We in this country do not know so much about the Estonians, Letts, and Lithuanians as we ought to do, considering that we have built up their air forces for them. For years the Estonians and the Letts have had regular officers of our Royal Air Force attached to their air forces as chief instructors, which meant that they organised the air forces of those countries. And they are largely equipped with British aeroplanes.

Our officers who served in those countries have a high regard for the people, and one of them after leaving the Air Force entered the aircraft trade and devoted himself to building up business for the British aircraft industry in the Baltic. He did particularly good business in Finland, and as a result a good many members of the British aircraft industry have been to Finland either to see their own aeroplanes and engines through tests or merely on a holiday. And they all have the highest opinion of Finland as a nation, of the Finns as a people, and of the Finnish Air Force as fighting men.

General Lindqvist, G.O.C.-in-C. the Finnish Air Force, is a real leader of men and, although he is all of 7 ft. high, is an experienced and competent pilot.

American sympathy for Finland, as shown by the well-meaning attempt to impose a moral embargo on the export of American aeroplanes to Russia, sounds well, but I cannot help suspecting that there is more newspaper than White House about the communiqué. There is no reason why the Russians should want to buy aeroplanes from America. They already have all the aeroplanes they can use, and probably more. Practically all Russia's aeroplanes are copies, and very badly made, of American designs. And nothing is said in the U.S. newspaper story about an embargo on those designs. If the American manufacturers saw some of the Russian copies of their machines and motors which had been supplied by Russia to the Republicans in Spain, as I did, they would not feel particularly proud of them.

If the reports from Finland are reliable, which seems doubtful, the Finns have already had some practice in wiping out parachute troops, very much as I ventured to prophesy in this paper two or three weeks ago. Obviously parachute troops are at the mercy of people on the ground, so the only hope of their being any use is to drop them where reconnaissance has already shown that there are no troops to shoot up at them as they come down. And even then they are likely to be surrounded. The fact is that parachute troops can only be used successfully for a few very limited purposes, such as seizing key positions or attacking from the rear a definite defensive line.

Another newspaper story from Finland about Russian aeroplanes being well-equipped but the pilots having no underclothes sounds likely enough. The Russians have an essentially Mongolian fondness for copying anything, very often without knowing why the things are there. Most people in this country know what "a Chinese copy" means—it copies all the faults as well as all the virtues. Probably a good many of the instruments in a Russian copy of an American aeroplane don't work, but the instruments are there just the same. The lack of underclothing does not seem important. Probably Comrade Ivan does not run much to underclothing in his private life, and if he has a good warm flying suit as a free issue from the Red Air Force, why should he worry?

The stories of bombing in Finland include the usual tale of victims. Nowhere does the slogan "women and children first" hold so firmly and so consistently as it does in bombing. Lord Trenchard in the House of Lords some few months ago ironically referred to the curiously magnetic attraction which women and children seem to have for bombs. He cited an instance which he had investigated of a charge that Japanese bombs had destroyed a hospital for women and children in some big Chinese city, and said that he had found that the city's power station was situated right alongside the hospital. Lord Trenchard would be the last person to justify bombing women and children, but he is a realist and did want to drive home the fact that women and children inevitably live near power stations and munition works and military headquarters, and other legitimate targets. But can any sensible person believe for a moment that aviators who have been sent out with the object of destroying enemy munitions or sources of supply would waste good bombs on women and children?

The vital points in the Russo-Finnish affair are the nickel mines in the north and the road to the Swedish iron mines round the head of the Gulf of Bothnia. Apparently a Canadian combine, the International Nickel Corporation have an interest in some mines at a place called Kammikitunturi Fell, up near the White Sea port of Petsamo—captured by the Russians in the first days of the war and re-captured by the Finns. And the Russians want nickel. Incidentally, the miners, largely western Europeans, live at a place called Kolosjoki which sounds very like a name manufactured by the miners themselves as a suggestion that living in those parts was a colossal joke of a rather inverted kind.

Operations round those parts are liable to infringe Norwegian neutrality round about Kirkenes, a curiously Scottish name, and may bring in the whole of Scandinavia.

Now the point is that British forces, other than unsupported air forces, could not reach Poland or any of the central European states. But we could support the Scandinavians and the Finns against Russia with supplies of armaments, just as America is supplying us. From Scotland to Scandinavia is quite easy flying, also Sweden has some quite good aerodromes, and in the summer there is plenty of harbourage for seaplanes up the Gulf of Bothnia. Aeroplanes could be flown out in a day, and supplies could be brought round by sea.

Those people in aviation who like discussing problems of future wars have often in years past debated the possibility of a war with Russia in which the Russians, striking first, before we woke up, would invade Sweden, overrun the Swedish Army by sheer weight of numbers, and occupy aerodromes all down the length of Sweden, to use them as jumping-off places from which to bomb British and German cities. The assumption being that Germany would be anti-Communist, as in fact the German people are at heart.

There is just a possibility that to save Sweden from the Russian hordes Sweden may get there first. And bombing St. Petersburg (called by the Russians Leningrad) from Stockholm would not be nearly so difficult as would bombing Berlin from aerodromes in England.

The idea may sound fantastic, but it is quite worth considering as a possibility of air war while we are waiting for the opposing politicians to make up their minds what is going to be done about the war in west Europe.

The news that fifty Italian aeroplanes have been flown to Finland was rather expected by people on the inside of aviation in this country. We knew that officers of the Finnish Air Force were in Italy testing Italian fighters, and there was some rumour of Savoia bombers being sent as well—before Russia invaded Finland. The bombers could, at a pinch, fly non-stop from Rumania or thereabouts to Finland, but the fighters could not. Therefore the fighters could only get to Finland by stopping to refuel in Germany. So what would be the German action to machines and pilots?

The sympathy of the German Air Force is necessarily with the Finns. German troops and aviators helped to win the Finns' war against the Bolsheviks, and secure the freedom of Finland. Possibly, as Russia insists that war has *not* been declared on Finland, war material from Italy may still pass through Germany to Finland.

A vote of thanks is due to the B.B.C. announcer who recently informed us that a "barroon" had broken loose. We have been waiting for that word ever since General "Splash" Ashmore's balloon apron of 1918 became a balloon barrage in 1938. As a pure "portmanteau" word it would rejoice the late Lewis Carroll. But what a pity that the announcer corrected himself, instead of holding to the authenticity of his invention, when he told us that if we found it on the ground we must on no account smoke near it. Why not paint on all our barroons, "Smoking strictly prohibited," in all western European languages?

THE WORLD'S FASTEST AIR TRAINER WHICH HAS JUST DONE OVER 500 M.P.H. IN A DIVE

This new training plane for fighter pilots is now in full production and mass delivery is being made to the R.A.F. It is the Miles Master, designed by Mr. F. G. Miles at Reading. Fitted with a Rolls-Royce engine and constructed of wood, the Master has withstood the test of terrific power dives; it has, in fact, maintained a speed of over 500 m.p.h. in a dive from Oxford to Farnborough. In this picture a fine impression is obtained of the great strength of the wings at their roots

AN ARTIST OF THE WAR

Miss Susan Palmer, a young British artist, who is now holding an important exhibition at the Calmann Gallery

One of Miss Susan Palmer's war pieces—"The Parade Ground at Bulford Camp, November, 1939"

Another war-time picture—"Five o'clock from Waterloo"

Miss Susan Palmer is a young London artist whose work is now attracting the attention of art connoisseurs. Together with Miss Vivien John, Miss Palmer is holding an exhibition of her work at the Calmann Gallery in St. James's Place. This is her third London exhibition as she has already held two one-man shows in 1938—at the Palser Gallery in April and the Storran Gallery in December—a rare distinction for so young an artist. She has also exhibited at the London Group, the Pastel Society, and at the Adams, Beaux Arts, Calmann, and other galleries, and at the International Exhibition in Pittsburgh earlier this year. Miss Palmer, now twenty-seven, was born in London and studied art at the Cambridge School of Arts, Crafts, and Technology, and at the Slade School, London. She studied scenic designing and painting under Vladimir Polunin; and she designed and painted the scenery for Tyrone Guthrie's production for the Old Vic Company and Goldsmith's *The Good-natured Man.* Miss Palmer has travelled through South Africa, Italy, Madeira, Spain, France, and Switzerland

(We hope in next week's issue to illustrate some of Miss Vivien John's pictures from the same joint exhibition)

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

ESCAPE FROM THE MODERN TERROR

A New Anti-Nazi Novel; and Other Books for the Christmas Season

JUST about now one has to make up one's mind between a Christmas made busy, cheerful and extremely tiring with a lot of present-buying and present-giving, and a Christmas spent quietly within one's home resources. In my rather biased view this boils down to the usual generous buying of books, and the only question is whether to give them away or keep them for one's own shelves. In either case, here are a few of the new ones I have read that may help you to a decision.

ESCAPE (Collins. 8s. 6d.) is indisputably one of the most exciting books of the publishing season up to date. The author has chosen "Ethel Vance" as a nom-de-plume, and it is not known—except presumably to the publishers—what identity this name conceals. One thing at least, though, is common knowledge: the writer has all the power of suspense of a modern Edgar Allen Poe, and all the smoothness of a Maugham. The book largely depends on tension for its effect, and that is magnificently produced.

The whole story takes place inside Nazi Germany, and among its distinctions is the fact that, although it is concerned with political refugees from oppression, it does not contain the portrait of a single Jew, either sympathetically or antagonistically treated. If you review recent literature, whether from or about Germany, you will realise that this is a remarkable thing, and that it may very well tend to add to the tragedy of the story. And this story is by any standards a tragedy, the tragedy of a people, for all its promise of individual happiness.

Emmy Ritter, the famous actress whose career has mostly been lived in the United States and whose son and daughter are American citizens, returns to her own country to raise some money by selling her family's house and depositing the money in her New York account. She is caught, brought to trial and, on the pretext that the sale is illegal and that she is also guilty of treason in disseminating anti-Nazi pamphlets, she is sentenced to death.

In the course of her short trial she has an acute attack of appendicitis, and a young doctor obtains permission to operate on her in the prison hospital. It is understood that as soon as she is able to stand she is to be taken out to be shot. In the meantime her son arrives in Germany and sets about her rescue. The difficulties are formidable, and seem insuperable even to him, but he finds an unexpected friend and the escape is planned.

There is not an extraneous character in this story. Every one of them has been introduced because of his relation to the escape, and the result is such a close-knit fabric of plot and counterplot that it is a joy to read. Not until the last page or two does the suspense break, and then it seems only to dissolve into a new and dramatic scene which carries the reader's interest and speculation even beyond the book. This is a "must" for any list.

The British film industry, maintains Mr. Jeffrey Dell, is an organisation in which an unknown person may perfectly well contract to hire a pack of wolves on behalf of his studio, and those wolves may remain a fantastic liability to the film company for months and even for years, since no one will take the responsibility for having ordered them, or the initiative for sending them back.

NOBODY ORDERED WOLVES (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) is a satirical comedy dealing lightly and, it is to be hoped, apocryphally with the doings of those gentlemen who produce, direct, photograph, decorate, distribute, inspire and even write motion pictures in this country. It is very funny, quite inconsequent, and a little alarming to a serious student of our film industry. However, since most students of that subject are anything but serious, that aspect is not likely to be the book's most important problem, and it will probably be taken, as I took it myself, as light and rather crazy entertainment.

Mr. Jeffrey Dell has himself worked as a scenarist, we are told, and although this is his first novel, he has had some years' practice in putting words into the mouths of screen and stage actors. At this point the critic observes with care that his present novel is unlikely to be made into a film.

Mr. Dell's decreasingly enthusiastic hero works for three years in English pictures, and is for the first two a well-paid and totally unemployed screen writer. In his last year he has bouts of feverish work, all-night conferences, Christmas Day rendezvous and hectic collaborations. The result, to his profound astonishment, is a successful picture for which he is given a tiny "credit" at the foot of page eighty-seven in the first-night programme. The company for which he works then goes bankrupt for an impressive sum, without losing any more time about it.

One of the biggest items in their insolvency is the £5,000 account for the wolves which have by now grown and multiplied exceedingly.

No one can deny that the story is pure farce, but of the best, as against the door-slamming-satin-negligée kind. I thoroughly enjoyed it and recommend it as excellent Christmas fare—rather like snapdragon.

There is little satire about Miss Stella Gibbons' new book, **MY AMERICAN** (Longmans. 8s. 6d.), and for that reason, though, I think, for no other, her admirers may be disappointed. This story is set alternately in one of the shabbiest parts of London and in a pretty little American town in, I suppose, New England, and it is concerned with a little English girl, an orphan, and an American boy with a particularly happy and secure home life.

These children meet and then part for more than ten years, at the end of which time the boy is in disgrace and is sharing a gangster's hide-out, and the girl is on a lecture tour visit to America, as one of England's most popular novelists. With their meeting they fall in love, and it seems to them that their lives have come full circle. The authoress calls it a romance and she has treated their story in the romantic manner that entails magical dreams and some talk of affinities. Her own salty and delicious humour she does not evidently judge becoming to this *genre*, and though we miss it, we may be inclined to agree with her decision.

A quotation from Hans Andersen which she gives at the story's opening, sets the theme to which she keeps with a kind of affectionate simplicity—"And they both sat there, grown-up, yet children at heart; and it was summer—warm, beautiful summer."

Something of the enchantment of that summer gold lingers about Miss Gibbons' story, and if, like her novelist heroine, she has embarked on a new style, then we can sincerely congratulate her on that, while we hope that she has not forgotten the art that made *Cold Comfort Farm*.

"Living in the country as I do," writes Miss Vita Sackville-West in her **COUNTRY NOTES** (Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.), "I sometimes stop short to ask myself where the deepest pleasure is to be obtained from a rural life, so readily derided as dull by the urban-minded . . . . I suppose it lies really in the eternally renewed evidences of the determination to live. That is a truism when said, but anything but a truism when daily observed."

This book is one of extracts from the writer's diary of country events, and many of the passages have appeared before, but they gain greatly in effect and in charm from being collected, and would be an enchanting present for any of your country-minded friends. Miss Sackville-West does not always rely on her own impeccable observation, and she quotes on the subject of trout, "the somewhat surprising words of Leigh Hunt," which are worth re-quoting, I think:

> *"O scaly, slippery, wet, swift, staring wights,*
> *How is't ye do? What life lead? Eh, dull goggles?*
> *How do you vary your vile days and nights?*
> *How pass your Sundays?"*

Humour and sensibility make a lovely thing of this country notebook, and the photographs by Bryan and Norman Westwood are, in the main, admirable, though I found that some of them suffered from that modern camera fashion of lying flat on one's back to photograph the simplest object and so make it spectacular in its new angle.

THE RABBIT-SKIN CAP (Collins. 15s.) is the story of a Norfolk countryman's youth as told by himself in old age, and as edited by Miss Lilias Rider Haggard and illustrated by Mr. Edward Seago. The result is an impressive book in appearance, and delightful in content, particularly for those who love East Anglia, and who remember that companion piece, *I Walked by Night*, from these collaborators.

The scene is the Norfolk of more than seventy years ago, in an age when the landed gentry sat down to their eight-course dinner and the village cobbler was glad if he could win a sheep's head in a wager and give his family a real meal. The author, whose style in the course of the telling varies wildly and, says Miss Rider Haggard, authentically, was born and has lived all his eighty-odd years in Norfolk, in the sound of the Bungay church bells. Country lore was not for him a thing to be laboriously acquired, but an instinct as well developed as the need for food and drink.

His philosophy, too, though it has familiar echoes, is as much a part of him as his words and their odd, Norfolk turn. Early in his recital a phrase occurs which might well be the key to the whole character. He is talking of a little house he built at the age of three and a half, and he says: "It was the first thing I ever remember making and was the start of a lot else, as I've set to and made most things with my hands I've had a mind to ever since, never being one to be carried."

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The MOTORIST'S FIRST WAR-TIME CHRISTMAS

Suitable Gifts to Cheer One's Friends

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.
(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

WE motorists have been so perplexed and worried over petrol rations and lighting regulations that many of us have only just discovered that Christmas is almost on top of us. Perhaps, too, we thought that owing to the war everybody would forget the festive season and so it has crept upon us almost unawares. Judging by the shops and the advertisements we see, it looks as if the community has made up its mind that in spite of the great disorganisation caused by the war and the altered conditions, it is going to do its best to keep Christmas in the usual way. The mere mention of the word Christmas immediately brings to mind that annual problem—the choosing of Christmas presents. To select a suitable gift for a relation or a friend is always a difficult task, but in spite of the war I do not think that the selection available is any less than it was in the times of peace. Where the individual is the owner of a motor car the difficulties of selection of a present that will be appreciated are definitely lessened. I realise that if it were only possible, nothing would be more welcome to a recipient than a handful of petrol coupons, but I am afraid that the divisional petroleum officers are not likely to help us in this direction.

However, there are many accessories and fitments to be obtained and I can only hope in the space at my disposal to make one or two suggestions. Few motorists ever take the trouble to wrap a rug around their knees when driving and so a very small proportion of owners realise what tremendous comfort a rug can be on a cold day or night. The modern saloon car is to all intents and purposes draughtless and free from fumes, but these very desirable qualities make the interior extremely cold. A present of a rug will never go amiss and, in addition to it being appreciated when received, it has the added advantage of being purchasable at a cost varying from £1 to £10. In this way most people's pockets can be catered for and the chances are that the recipient is almost certain to be without one at the present moment.

To make such a gift thoroughly suitable a colour to match the inside of the car should be selected and, of course, the initials of the recipient embroidered in one corner. When choosing a colour it is advisable to pick one which will not only go with the colour scheme of the car owned, but one which will not be out of place with perhaps a different interior scheme. Although this sounds a little difficult a moment's thought will show that a neutral tint will do the trick.

Naturally, if one is giving a present to a relative or friend who owns a car, the make and horse-power of the vehicle is known. A cheaper gift with a war-time flavour and one which is sure to please, provided it is required, is a Lucas head-lamp shield which can be fitted by any owner to his lamp in a minute or two.

CAPACITY Members of the W.A.T.S. and W.A.A.F.S. find that the spacious luggage-boot of the new 1940 Hillman Minx makes an admirable shelter in which to take a snack. Actually, there is twice the amount of enclosed luggage space in the new Minx than in any of its predecessors

Another useful fitment, again suitable to the times, is a thief-proof lock for the petrol tank filler. To mention a few more, a set of sparking plugs are always acceptable provided they are the right type for the engine in which they are destined to work. As an alternative I cannot imagine any driver being anything but pleased to receive an electric defroster and demister for his windscreen. These can be put into position and operated by any owner having the average amount of common sense. Many more suggestions can be made but I think I have detailed enough to show that the person who owns a motor car is a much easier person to deal with when the buying of a Christmas present is concerned than the non-motorist.

The approach of Christmas makes us realise that the New Year will shortly be here. It does not look as if the Chancellor of the Exchequer appreciates that it is bad policy from his point of view to stick to the 25s. per horse power tax which comes into operation at the beginning of next month, and so we can expect no respite. Many owners are still undecided as to whether they should continue to licence their car at the increased rate when they have only a few gallons of petrol allotted to them each month.

Those who are not too well blessed with cash in these difficult times may have decided to lay up their cars for the duration or sell them rather than pay the increased amount demanded. They can see that if they carry on, every mile they are allowed to cover will cost them far more than in normal times, but before they make their decision I suggest that they picture to themselves the position they will be in when their car is not available.

Railway, coach, or bus-travelling at the best of times is none too pleasant, but to-day a journey by a public conveyance is a nightmare. Before it is too late, therefore, I suggest they attempt a journey other than by car, and I think that the result will be to convince them that no matter what it costs, it is far better, more convenient, and vastly more comfortable to use their own vehicle.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The London Technical School (Fordham House) has just held its annual tailoring competition, and in the report received from the Adjudicator, mention is made of the very high standard of work. "It is evident," he writes, "that special attention has been given to the essential details which go to make a smart garment." The report goes on to say that "all the exhibits are marked by neatness, good felling and neatly made pockets and buttonholes." Many "Old Boys" who once received their training in this Technical School are to-day owners of their own shops, or have good positions in the tailoring trade. Funds are much needed to carry on this important branch of the Society's work, and all donations will be gratefully acknowledged by the General Secretary at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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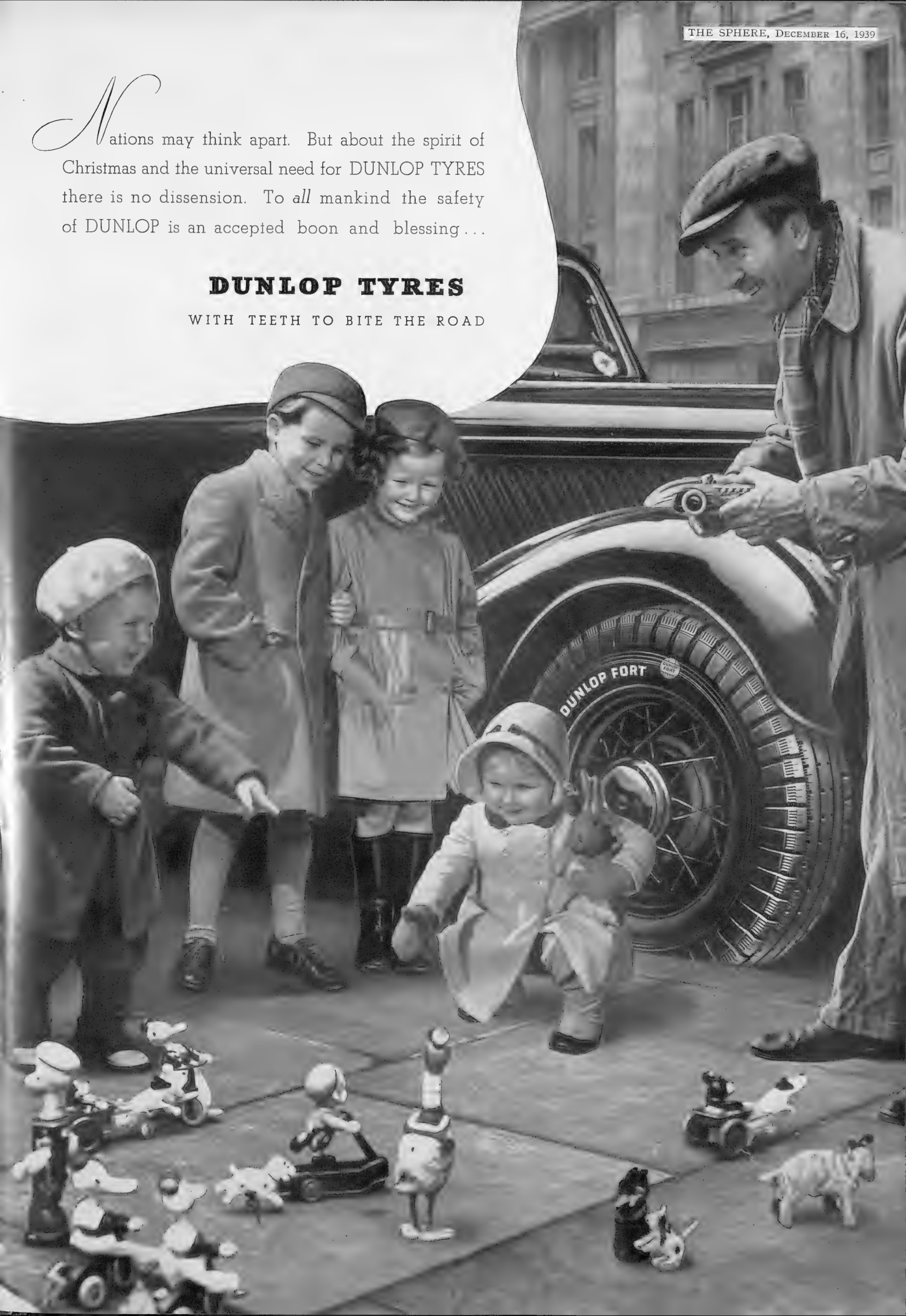

PHILIP PAGE ON THE THEATRE

A Revue at the Garrick—A Play at the New — A Farce at the St. Martin's

UNFORTUNATELY Eve paraded but seldom during the course of this rough and, apparently, not very ready revue, *Eve on Parade*, at the Garrick Theatre. The parading was mostly done by men in khaki which, of course, is as it should be on the barrack square but not on the stage of a theatre. There was a very fat man in khaki, a white-faced man in khaki, a mincing officer in khaki, and Mr. Albert Burdon in khaki, and they all worked desperately hard at the job of being funny; but not, in my humble opinion, with any degree of success.

Successful hard work, on the other hand, was contributed by Manley and Austin—male and female knockabouts. I know not which of the two is the male, though it should be Manley. Anyway, Austin smashed violins over Manley's head (or it may have been the other way round) and they rolled about the stage entangled in each other's garments and it was all much funnier than it must seem to be from this description.

No description, however, could be duller than the would-be humorous antics of Mr. Harry Roy and his jazz band. In their swing-musical capacity these men are doubtless experts, though for my part the better swing music is played the less I like it. As clowns they are dull dogs.

Mr. Ernie Gerrard contributed some amusing moments with his conjuring.

And Eve? Eve, or rather a platoon of Eves, marched across the stage but rarely, clad with disappointing completeness.

"Punch Without Judy."—I would not have labelled the boring and bad-tempered Bohemians in *Punch and Judy* at the New Theatre as Bloomsburyites had they not been specifically so designated in the programme. All three acts took place in the sitting-room of a Bloomsbury boarding house; a play has to be pretty good to survive that, and this is not a good play, nor even a pretty one. The biologist Bohemian was in a continual rage about something or other. The artist Bohemian was a trifle more amiable. But both were tedious egotists who gave me the impression that they probably read a Communist daily and thought that Stalin's rape of Finland was a gloriously heroic act.

They never seemed to have any money and they owed their landlord a bit; but that is where the resemblance of Mr. Max Catto, who wrote this play, to the late M. Henri Murger ceases with a snap. For Murger's *Le Vie de Bohème* is always charming, with or without Puccini's music, and here of charm there is none. With the exception, of course, of Miss Elizabeth Allan, who is charm personified and a first-rate little actress as well. Why she should have troubled about so boring and boorish a young man I know not, though Mr. Peter Murray Hill did his best with a thankless part. Mr. Henry Kendall had a slightly more genial job as his friend, who made facetious comments with a breaking heart—"Laugh, clown, laugh" sort of thing.

The only real fun was provided by Mr. Ernest Jay and Miss Marjorie Rhodes as a landlord and his wife from Wigan or somewhere in that district. A safe district for any dramatist to play.

"WON'T YOU BE MY SANTA CLAUS?" This appeal, echoed by thousands of evacuated children all over the country, will be answered by the Christmas Treat Fund to which H.M. The Queen—herself separated from her daughters—has sent a donation and has expressed her lively interest. The Fund has been set up to brighten the festive season for over 300,000 little evacuees who would otherwise be a greater financial burden on their hosts. It will also relieve the worry of the parents who are anxious that their children should have a happy time and thus ensure their being retained in places of safety. The London evacuation authorities are asking for donations to further this cause. Contributions should be addressed to Mrs. Eveline Lowe, Christmas Treat Fund, County Hall, S.E.1

"Giving the Bride Away."—Mr. Naunton Wayne and Mr. Basil Radford are so diverting a pair of light comedians and understand "team-work" so perfectly that they could probably make adequate entertainment of a far weaker play than *Giving the Bride Away*, at the St. Martin's Theatre. As a matter of fact, this is quite a good little farce in its way without anything particularly novel about it except its heroine—a bride-to-be who would wear dirty old clothes, mess about in cowsheds feeding pet calves, and make herself so unattractive that the bridegroom-to-be spent the whole play trying to foist her off on somebody else. Which is, in short, the plot.

Miss Pauline Winter scored a big hit as the girl, her only failure being that, in spite of the aforesaid dreadful clothes and a face which was doing its honest best to keep out of the glamour-girl class, she could not help being, in an unconventional way, remarkably attractive. At least she managed to put a brace of genuine glamourettes in the shade and to show herself a good comedienne.

Other assets are a couple of good "sets" by Mr. Aubrey Hammond. One of these is a ship scene and one could see at a glance that Mr. Hammond knows all about ships. The captain of that ship had a voice which would have been heard above the roar of any gale. Yet, I would bet that Miss Ruth Maitland, as the bride-to-be's mother, could have out-bawled him anywhere. I have for years pleaded the cause of audibility among actors and actresses. But, really, one can have too much of a good thing.

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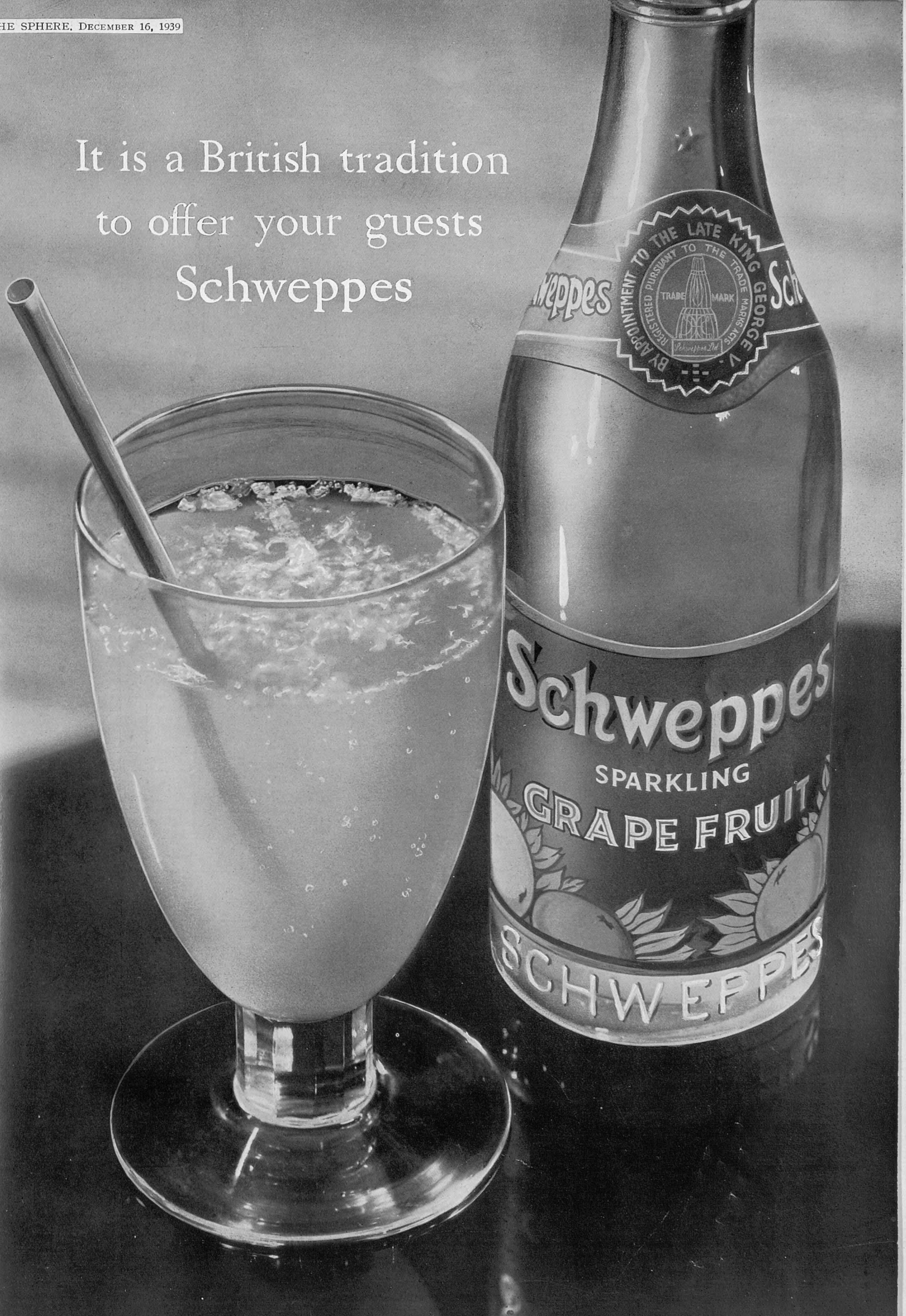

In Quest of Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

The Budock Vean Hotel, near Falmouth, an Oasis of Complete Comfort Amid Delightful Surroundings

FOR the best part of a week I have been staying at an hotel which I might rename the Hotel Compleat. It will be noticed I avoid the word "perfect" because there will never be that perfect hotel which suits everybody. It is the old story of "One man's meat—." But here at the Budock Vean Hotel, near Falmouth (it used to be called the Manor House Hotel, which is much more apt), all but the smallest minority must surely succumb to its charms.

Let's start off with its disadvantages—and there are mighty few. The nearest railway station and shopping centre is Falmouth, about 6 miles away. Our village shop is at Mawnan Smith, about a mile and a half off. But there is a pillar-box outside the gate, a motor-bus to take us into Falmouth, and one regains here the use of the most economical transport of all—one's legs. And this concludes the general disadvantages which are, for anyone who is appreciative of a natural country life, great assets.

Of course, there are little imperfections which are purely personal. There is a small half-oval ornamental table in my room. It could and should be a writing-table, but even this omission has its advantage—I am writing in bed.

And now to return to my proposal of re-christening Budock Vean Hotel the Hotel Compleat. We will start with my bedroom suite, the most complete thing of its kind (writing-table excepted). There is a lobby to shut off all possibility of corridor noise. The arrival and departure of the boots is a profound secret and in consequence I get a complete night's rest. My bathroom is a most joyous affair. Singing becomes perfectly natural in it. True, I had to run the tap for some time to get hot water but now I have learnt the secret and when bed palls I shall write in my bath.

Off my bedroom there is a man-size built-in wardrobe. Sixteen coat-hangers awaited my three suits. There were sufficient drawers and built-in cupboards to take the clothes of a lifetime and—ladies please note—there were three full-length mirrors.

There are six different lighting points, and I invariably managed to leave one on when I went downstairs, for I am unaccustomed to such completeness. The bed is, of course, divine and is, in consequence, far too soft to make any long spell of writing possible. There is central heating, windows which run up and down easily on metal sashes, and from the window a peaceful vista of sloping lawns, woodland, and the Helford River below. There's one other feature before we leave my bedroom suite, and men will note this gladly: in the bathroom is an electric plug especially for electric shavers. By it are printed the most complete instructions how, or how not, as the case may be, to electrocute oneself. I never realised it was so easy where there is water about! (Note—I am asking that this particular plug be moved to my bedside!)

Now for downstairs completeness. There is a host of comfortable chairs and corners. There are big open fireplaces and there is nothing to disturb the required silence for an afternoon nap unless a log so far forgets itself as to fall out on the hearth.

If it's wet there's a huge games room, 75 ft. by 30 ft., with table tennis tables, dartboards, bar billiards tables (note the plural); if it is fine and sunny, but a bit too windy to sit outside, we sit with our legs cocked up in the sun lounge and relax.

What does one do at this oasis of completeness except read, write, sleep and eat? (and these four pursuits alone can be a full twenty-four hours' job). Well, there's a host of things to do and a car in consequence is quite superfluous. There is a nine-hole golf course in the grounds—the ball sits up on the fairway simply asking to be hit, and if one does lift one's head it is worth it for the view of the Helford River below. Then there is a hard tennis court and in the spring and summer boating and bathing.

There is every inducement, too, to walk. For a gentle midday constitutional, it is curious how every footpath seems to lead to the Ferry Boat Inn. Another walk, and virtue is again rewarded on reaching one's destination, is Port Navas and the Duchy of Cornwall Oyster Farm. Here one regales oneself with oysters straight from their beds at 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d. a dozen—and thus one starts on the return journey with renewed energy.

And one more point to illustrate the sense of completeness at Budock Vean Hotel. The menus are varied and offer a wide choice. Plenty of cereals for breakfast—always a wide choice of fresh fruits at lunch time—always a fillet steak if one wants a change from an entrée and joint, and always far too much—Cornish cream.

Perhaps the outstanding feature of Budock Vean is that, no matter what time of year one may go, there is the certainty of a complete change; snow and severe frosts are unknown. The winter temperature is mostly that of Nice and at this time of the year, in particular, one meets others of one's own tastes who are appreciative of natural beauty around us, personal service about us, and a consciousness that we are taking far too much good food inside us.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32–34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

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THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ENGLAND

Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Ashburton (S. Devon).—Holne Park Hotel.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscastle.—Welltown Manor Guest Hse. Tel. 17
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Hinton Firs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Priory Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal.
Brighton.—The Kings Hotel.
Burley (New Forest).—Burley Manor Hotel.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Chagford (Devon).—Easton Court.
Chipping Campden.—Cotswold Hse. Htl. Tel. 330
Churston Ferrers (S. Devon).—Lupton Hotel.
Crowborough (Sussex).—The Crest Hotel.
Droitwich.—Raven Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.).—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Exmouth.—Maer Bay Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Telephone 2219.
Goring-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Hailsham (Sussex).—Woodside Hotel.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Looe.—Boscarn Hotel.
Lytham St. Annes.—Clifton Arms Hotel.
Lyme Regis—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Mundesley-on-Sea (Norfolk).—Manor Hse. Htl.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 2211.
Ninfield (nr. Battle).—Moor Hall Hotel. Tel. 30
Oakham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Paignton.—Ravenswood. Cliff Road.
Penzance (Cornwall).—Queen's Hotel.
Plympton (nr. Plymouth).—Elfordleigh Hotel.
Ross-on-Wye.—Mount Craig Hotel.
St. Leonard's-on-Sea.—Royal Victoria Hotel.
St. Margaret's Bay (Kent).—The Granville Htl.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.

ENGLAND—*continued*

Shaftesbury (Dorset).—Coombe House Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Cedar Shade Hotel.
Sidmouth.—The Torbay Hotel
Sidmouth.—The Royal Glen Hotel. Phone 221
Tintern.—Beaufort Hotel.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Headland Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Treyarnon Bay (Cornwall).—Waterbeach Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
Twyford (Berks.).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 109.
Weymouth.—Royal Hotel. Tels. 627 & 628.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.
Sutton-on-Trent (133½).—Old England Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.

LONDON

Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Dorset Square Hotel. Off Baker St., N.W.1.
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7
United Services Hotel, S.W.7. Tel. Wes. 7131.

SCOTLAND

Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.

WALES

Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Facing sea
Llangollen.—Hand Hotel. A.A. and R.A.C.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakeley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.

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